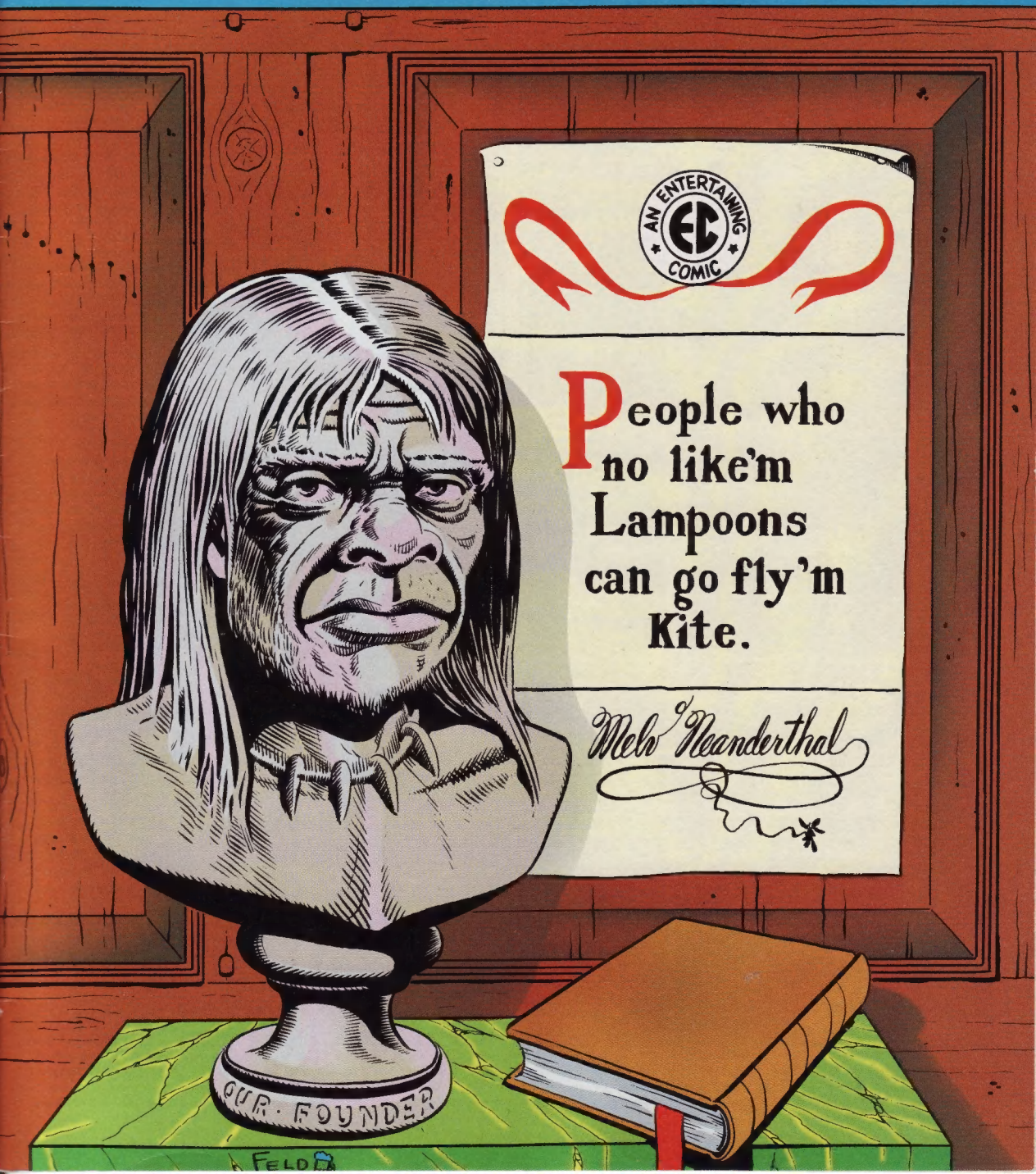
FAMOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

The Friday Morning

PANIC

NO. 3 SEPT 2.50 3.45 CANADA

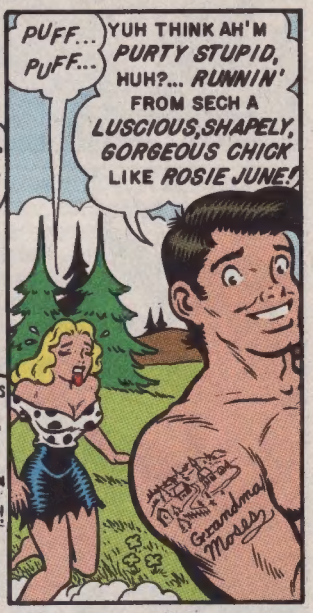
THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS HUMOR IN A VARICOSE VEIN



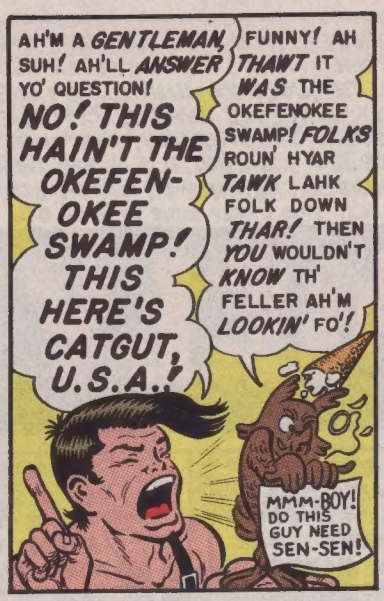
ENVIABLE COMIC STRIP CHARACTER DEPT. (YOU WISH YOU WERE HIM FOR JUST THIRTY MINUTES, THE IDIOT! DIVISION): DO YOU READ *THIS* ONE, KIDDIES... THE COMIC STRIP ABOUT SIMPLE MOUNTAIN FOLK WHERE ALL O' THE *MEN FOLK* IS *DIRTY, FILTHY, UGLY VARMINTS*... 'CEPT *ONE*... OUR *HERO!* AND ALL O' THE *WOMEN-FOLK* IS *LUSCIOUS, SHAPELY, GORGEOUS CHICKS*... 'CEPT *ONE*... OUR HERO'S *MOTHER?* WELL, GET READY TO TEAR OUT YOUR HAIR IN *DROOLIN' FRUSTRATION*, BOYS, 'CAUSE *HERE* COMES OUR HERO *NOW*, RUNNIN' LIKE *MAD!* (PLUG) IT'S *SOPHIE EAGLE'S DAY* IN *CATGUT, U.S.A.* AND THE *MOS'* LUSCIOUS, *MOS'* SHAPELY, *MOS'* GORGEOUS CHICK IN CATGUT, *ROSIE JUNE*, IS *CHASIN'* HIM. AN' YUH KNOW *WHAT?* *THIS* CREEP WON'T HAVE ANY *PART* OF HER. *THIS* CREEP IS A REAL □! THIS CREEP RUNS BY NAME O'...

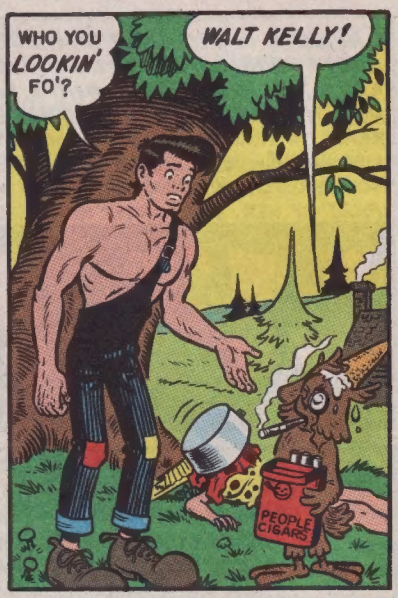
LI'L MELVIN

by Bill (Al Hatt) Elder.



SUFFERIN' SNAKES! WHAT FO' YOU DOIN' IN MAH COMIC STRIP? THERE HAIN'T NO FUNNY LIL' TAWKIN' ANIMALS IN MAH COMIC STRIP!
DON' GET EXCITED, MAH FREN'! DON' START YELLIN'! AH'S GOIN'! AH'S GOIN'! LEAST YUH COULD HAVE TH' COMMON COURTESY O' ANSWERIN' MAH QUEERY!

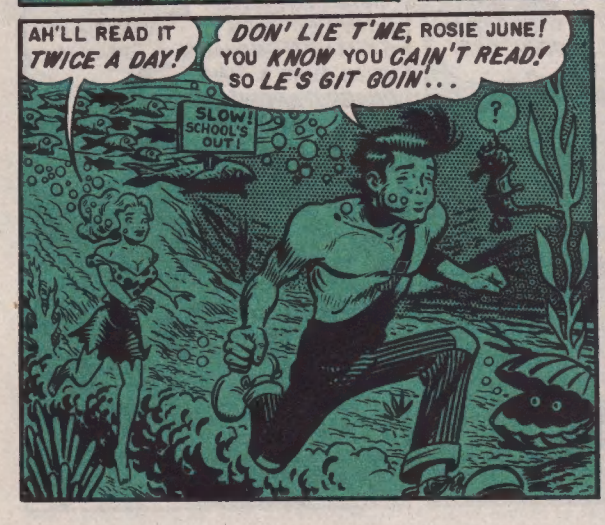

AH'M A GENTLEMAN, SUH! AH'LL ANSWER YO' QUESTION!
NO! THIS HAIN'T THE OKEFEN-OKEE SWAMP! THIS HERE'S CATGUT, U.S.A.!
FUNNY! AH THAWT IT WAS THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP! FOLKS ROUN' HYAR TAWK LAHK FOLK DOWN THAR! THEN YOU WOULDN'T KNOW TH' FELLER AH'M LOOKIN' FO'!
MMM-BOY! DO THIS GUY NEED SEN-SEN!

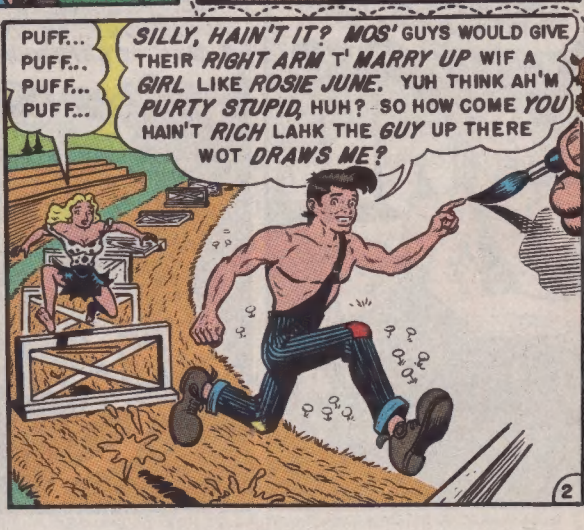

WHO YOU LOOKIN' FO'?
WALT KELLY!
PEOPLE'S CIGARS

GIT BACK IN YER OWN STRIP, YOU DUMB OWL!
TCH...TCH... FOLKS ROUN' HERE IS SHOR' UNHOSPISTI... INHOSPUSTI... IMHOSPUTI... UNFRIENDLY!
KLOP

OH, OH! ROSIE JUNE'S COMIN' TO! AH GOTTA BE GETTIN'!
LIL' MELVIN! LIL' MELVIN! PLEASE DON' RUN ANY MO'!

LE'ME MARRY UP WIF YOU, LIL' MELVIN? PLEASE? I'LL WORK FO' YOU! I'LL SLAVE FO' YOU! I'LL KISS YOU EVVY MORIN'... KISS YOU EVVY NIGHT!
WILL YOU READ ME FEARFUL FUZZDICK EVVY DAY?


AH'LL READ IT TWICE A DAY!
DON' LIE T'ME, ROSIE JUNE! YOU KNOW YOU CAIN'T READ! SO LE'S GIT GOIN'...
SLOW! SCHOOL'S OUT!
?


PUFF... PUFF... PUFF... PUFF...
SILLY, HAIN'T IT? MOS' GUYS WOULD GIVE THEIR RIGHT ARM T' MARRY UP WIF A GIRL LIKE ROSIE JUNE. YUH THINK AH'M PURTY STUPID, HUH? SO HOW COME YOU HAIN'T RICH LAHK THE GUY UP THERE WOT DRAWS ME?

AH HAVE GIVEN ROSIE JUNE THE SLIP AN' AH AM LYIN' UNDER THIS TREE, RESTIN'! HERE COMES MUH PAPPY, CHASIN' OUR OUTHOUSE! I CAIN'T FIGURE THET OUT! HE'S ALREADY MARRIED!
COME BACK HERE, YOU! COME BACK HERE!
SNIP!
LIL' MELVIN! LIL' MELVIN! SOMEBODY'S STEALIN' OUR OUTHOUSE!
LE'ME ALONE, PAPPY! AH'M TIRED! AH BEEN RUNNIN' FROM ROSIE JUNE...
AH'LL FIX YUH UP, LIL' MELVIN! AH'LL GIT MAMMY T' GIT THE STILL GOIN' AN' SHE'LL RUSTLE YUH UP SOME ENERGY BUILDIN' CREAM O' RYE!
IN
OUT
MAMMY! MAMMY! SOMEBODY'S STEALIN' OUR OUTHOUSE AN' LIL' MELVIN'S TOO TIRED TO CHASE 'EM! QUICK!
SEE? WHEN AH'M NOT BUSY RUNNIN' FROM ROSIE JUNE, AH GOT TIME T' DO COMMERCIALS... LIKE FO' THIS HERE MISURABLE CREAM O' RYE!
HERE Y'ARE, LIL' MELVIN! HERE'S A PIPIN' HOT BOTTLE O' CREAM O' RYE... WHICH I JUS' COOKED UP ON MY PIPIN' HOT STILL WITH MY LIL' WARTY HANDS.
MAMMY! HOW COME YOU IS SO UGLY AND DAGUSTIN' LOOKIN' WHEN EVVY OTHER FEMALE IN CATGUT IS SO SHAPELY AND GORGEOUS AND LUSCIOUS?
THA'S CAUSE SHE WORRIES 'BOUT YOU, LIL' MELVIN... RUNNIN' FROM GIRLS LAHK YOU DO!
WALL STREET JOURNAL
QUICK, MAMMY! POUR THET DEE-LICIOUS PIPIN' HOT CREAM O' RYE INTO MY GAPIN' MOUFF. AH'S GOT WORK T' DO...
HERE Y'ARE, LIL' MELVIN!
AH FEELS STRONG ALREADY!
AVAST, YOU SWABS! GANGWAY! LE'ME AT DAT SWIPIN' CRUMB-BUM CROOK!
GNNNNNGGG...
BONG!
I ORIGINATED DE IDEA OF GETTIN' STRONG... ONE, TWO, TREE... WIT SPINICH...
WORMS
THIS LAMPOON IS NOT INTENDED TO CONVEY ANY IMPRESSION THAT IT'S ACTUALLY ME!

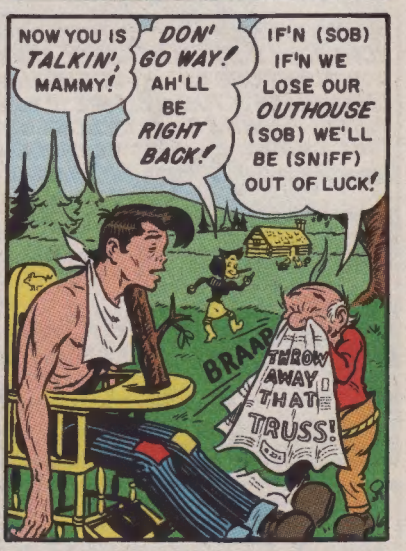
LIL' MELVIN! LIL' MELVIN! WAKE UP! OUR OUTHOUSE...
BEGGIN' YO' PODDIN', FOLKS, BUT IS THIS THE WAY TO THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP...
HEY, LIL' MELVIN! WAKE UP! WE GOT TAWKIN' ANIMULES IN OUR STRIP NOW!
PIRATES

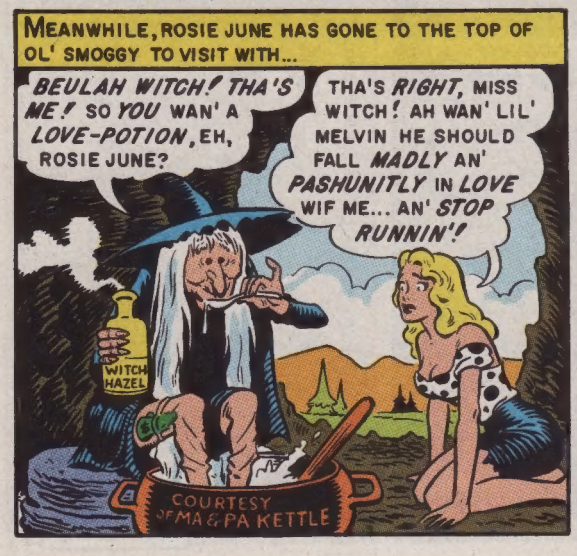
OKEFENOKEE SWAMP?! SHUCKS NO, LIL' TURTLE! YOU IS WAY OFF BASE...
IT SHOR SOUNDS LAHK THIS IS THE OKEFENOKEE. THEN YOU WOULDN'T KNOW TH' FELLER AH'M LOOKIN' FO'!

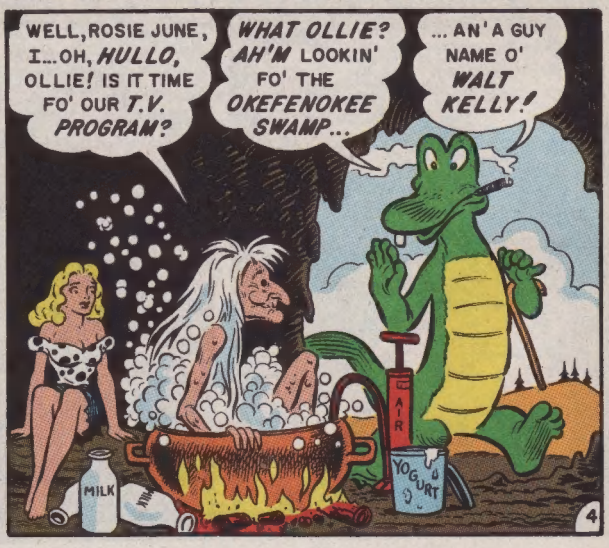
WHO YOU LOOKIN' FO', LIL' TURTLE?
WALT KELLY!
WHA' HAPPEN? WHO HIT ME?
WHOOPS!

SOME SAILOR-MAN HIT YOU, LIL' MELVIN! PERFIC' STRANGER!
WISH THESE CHARACTERS WOULD STAY OUTTA OUR STRIP!
LIL' MELVIN! WHAT ABOUT OUR OUT-HOUSE?

AH'M A-GOIN' PAPPY! AH'M A-GOIN' AN' GIT THE GUY WOT STOLE OUR OUTHOUSE AN' GIT IT BACK FROM HIM!
YUH LOOK TIRED, LIL' MELVIN! LE'ME RUSTLE UP ANOTHER PIPIN' HOT BOTTLE O' CREAM O' RYE!


NOW YOU IS TALKIN', MAMMY!
DON' GO WAY! AH'LL BE RIGHT BACK!
IF'N (SOB) IF'N WE LOSE OUR OUTHOUSE (SOB) WE'LL BE (SNIFF) OUT OF LUCK!
BRAAP
THROW AWAY THAT TRUSS!

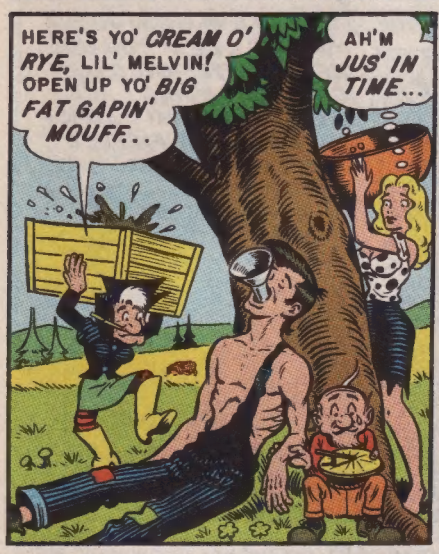

MEANWHILE, ROSIE JUNE HAS GONE TO THE TOP OF OL' SMOGGY TO VISIT WITH...
BEULAH WITCH! THA'S ME! SO YOU WAN' A LOVE-POTION, EH, ROSIE JUNE?
THA'S RIGHT, MISS WITCH! AH WAN' LIL' MELVIN HE SHOULD FALL MADLY AN' PASHUNITLY IN LOVE WIF ME... AN' STOP RUNNIN'!
WITCH HAZEL
COURTESY OF MA & PA KETTLE

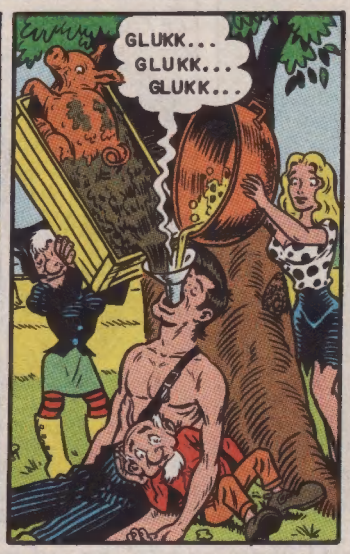

WELL, ROSIE JUNE, I...OH, HULLO, OLLIE! IS IT TIME FO' OUR T.V. PROGRAM?
WHAT OLLIE? AH'M LOOKIN' FO' THE OKEFENOKEE SWAMP...
... AN' A GUY NAME O' WALT KELLY!
MILK
AIR
YOGURT

THIS LOVE-POTION WILL MAKE LIL' MELVIN FALL IN LOVE WITH THE FUST GAL HE LAYS EYES ON, ROSIE JUNE...
AH'LL PO' IT IN HIS CREAM O' RYE, MISS WITCH! HE'S ALWAYS DRINKIN' THET MISERABLE SWILL!
SAMMY'S BOWERY FOLLIES 1812

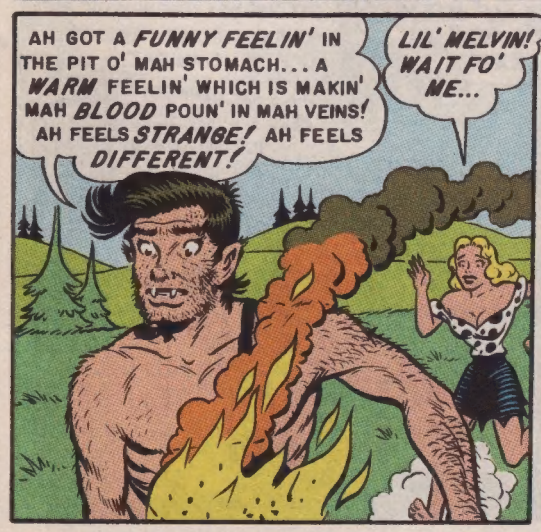
THEN, WHEN HE SEES ME, HE'LL HUG ME AN' KISS ME AN' HUG ME AN' KISS ME AN'...
LIL' MELVIN? THAT CREEP? THAT'LL BE THE DAY!
WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

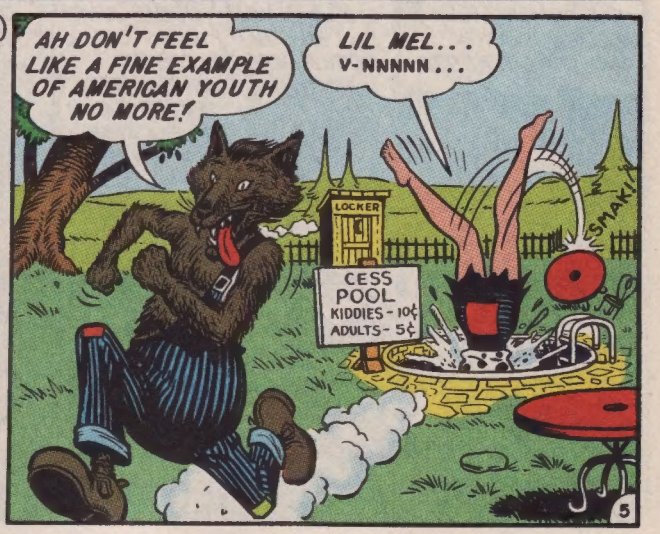
THEN THE GUY WOT DRAWS ALL US SLOBS KIN SPEND ALL OF HIS TIME ON T.V. PANEL SHOWS...
THANK YOU, MISS WITCH! 'BYE...

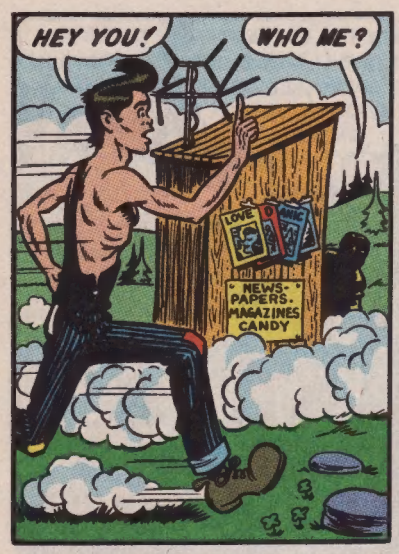

HERE'S YO' CREAM O' RYE, LIL' MELVIN! OPEN UP YO' BIG FAT GAPIN' MOUFF...
AH'M JUS' IN TIME...


GLUKK... GLUKK... GLUKK...

AH'M OFF T' RECOVER OUR OUTHOUSE...
LIL' MELVIN! WAIT! COME BACK!
-IF MARRIAGE IS AN INSTITUTION- AND LOVE IS BLIND - THEN THEY THAT GET MARRIED BE- LONG IN AN IN- STITUTION FOR THE BLIND!

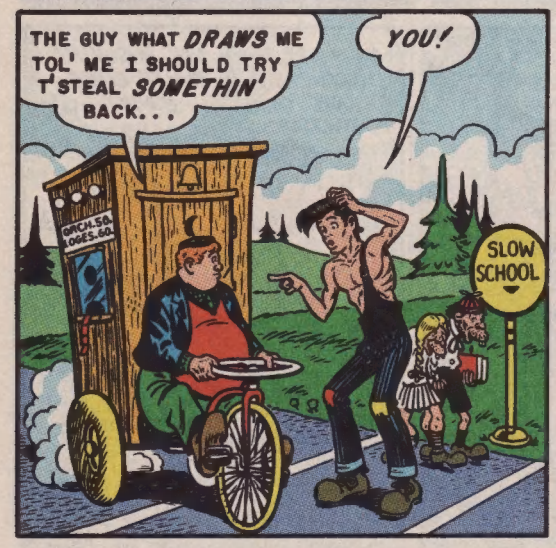

AH GOT A FUNNY FEELIN' IN THE PIT O' MAH STOMACH... A WARM FEELIN' WHICH IS MAKIN' MAH BLOOD POUN' IN MAH VEINS! AH FEELS STRANGE! AH FEELS DIFFERENT!
LIL' MELVIN! WAIT FO' ME...

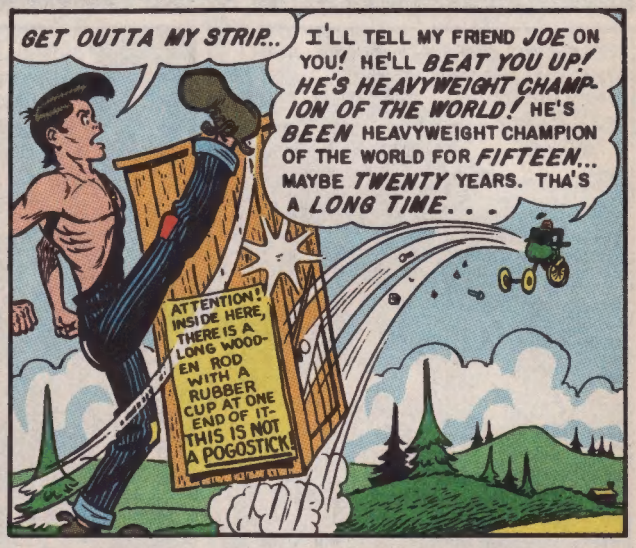

AH DON'T FEEL LIKE A FINE EXAMPLE OF AMERICAN YOUTH NO MORE!
LIL MEL... V-NNNNN...
LOCKER
CESS POOL
KIDDIES - 10¢
ADULTS - 5¢
SMAK!

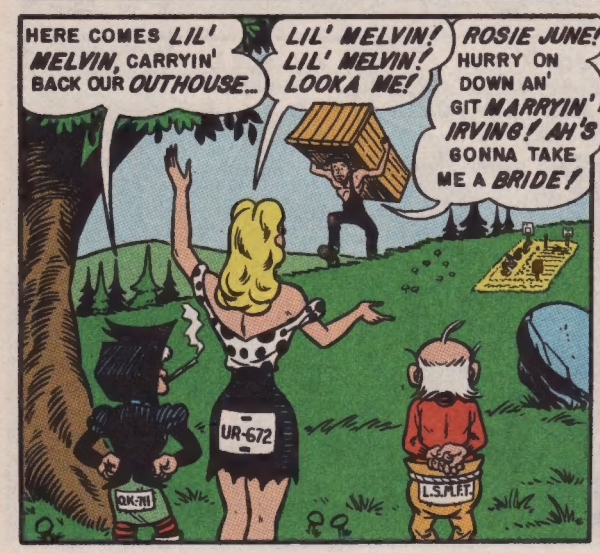

HEY YOU!
WHO ME?
LOVE
NEWS-PAPERS. MAGAZINES CANDY

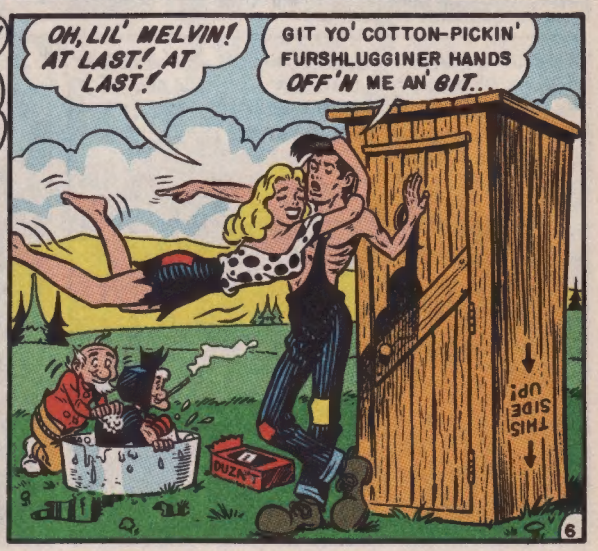
THA'S MAH OUT-HOUSE YOU IS STEALIN'!
KEEP AWAY FROM ME, YOU BIG PALOOKA!
I'M NOT WHO YOU THINK I AM! I'M A LAMPOON OF WHO YOU THINK I AM!

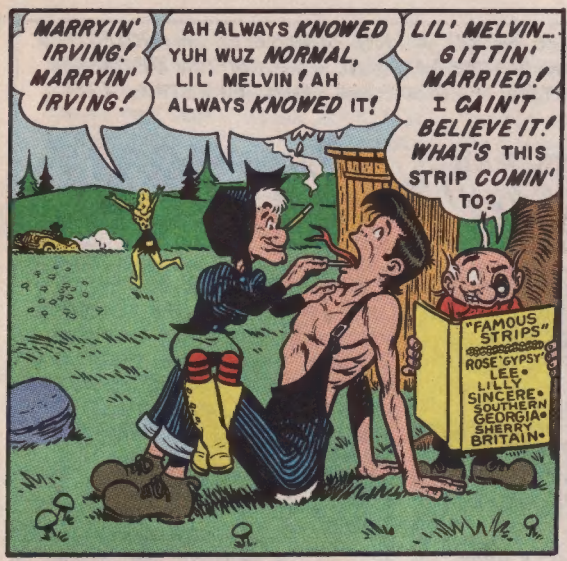
PALOOKA!? DON' MEN-TION THAT NAME AROUND HERE!
...AN' GI'ME BACK MAH OUTHOUSE!
HEY! YOU LOOK FAMIL-IAR!
DON'T WRITE ON WALLS- SEND A TELEGRAM
HOW MANY TOKENS PLEASE?

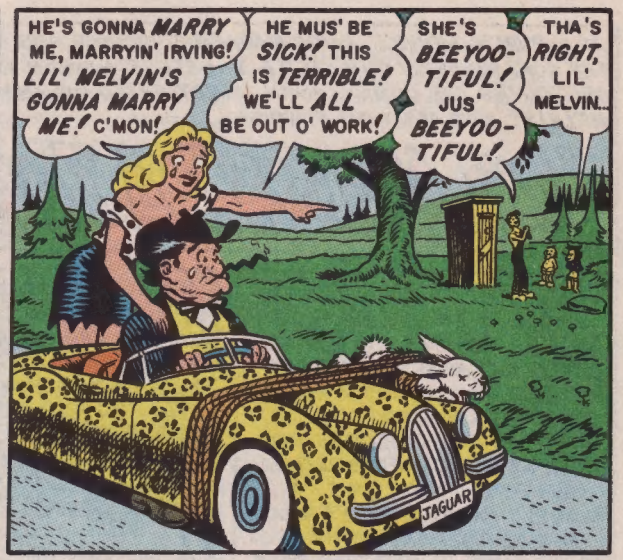

THE GUY WHAT DRAWS ME TOL' ME I SHOULD TRY T'STEAL SOMETHIN' BACK...
YOU!
SLOW SCHOOL

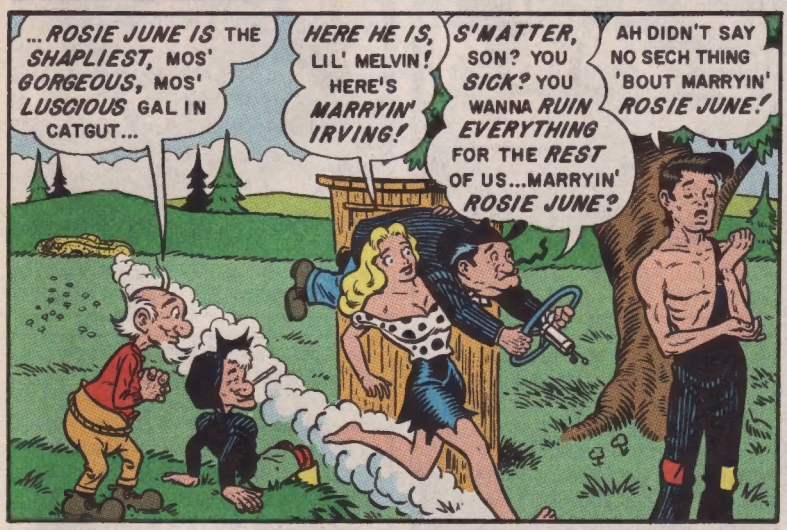

GET OUTTA MY STRIP...
I'LL TELL MY FRIEND JOE ON YOU! HE'LL BEAT YOU UP! HE'S HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMP-ION OF THE WORLD! HE'S BEEN HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE WORLD FOR FIFTEEN... MAYBE TWENTY YEARS. THA'S A LONG TIME...
ATTENTION! INSIDE HERE, THERE IS A LONG WOOD-EN ROD WITH A RUBBER CUP AT ONE END OF IT- THIS IS NOT A POGOSTICK!

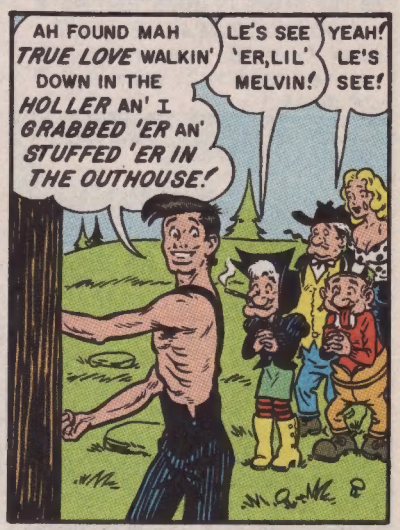

HERE COMES LIL' MELVIN, CARRYIN' BACK OUR OUTHOUSE...
LIL' MELVIN! LIL' MELVIN! LOOKA ME!
ROSIE JUNE! HURRY ON DOWN AN' GIT MARRYIN' IRVING! AH'S GONNA TAKE ME A BRIDE!
UR-672
L.S.P.E.T.

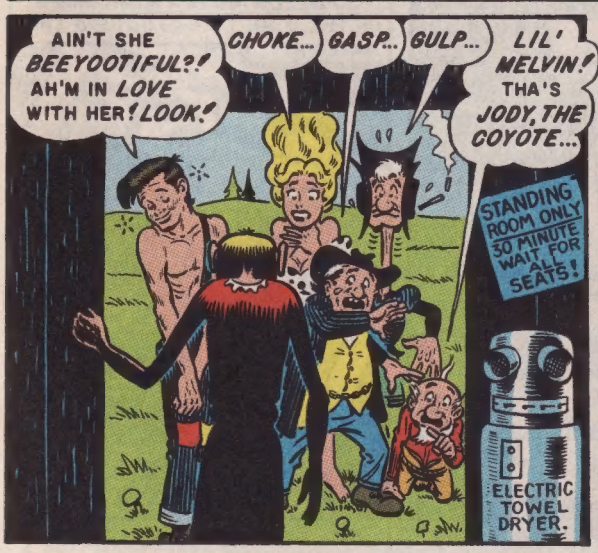

OH, LIL' MELVIN! AT LAST! AT LAST!
GIT YO' COTTON-PICKIN' FURSHLUGGINER HANDS OFF'N ME AN' GIT...
THIS SIDE UP!
DUZ-NT

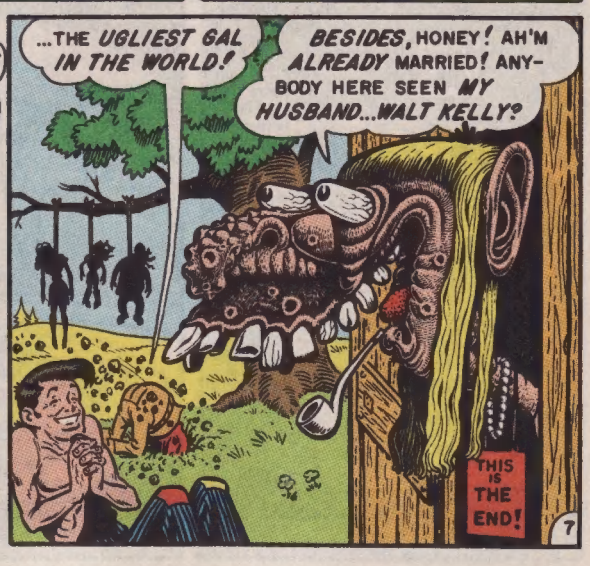

MARRYIN' IRVING! MARRYIN' IRVING!
AH ALWAYS KNOWED YUH WUZ NORMAL, LIL' MELVIN! AH ALWAYS KNOWED IT!
LIL' MELVIN... GITTIN' MARRIED! I CAIN'T BELIEVE IT! WHAT'S THIS STRIP COMIN' TO?
"FAMOUS STRIPS" ROSE 'GYPSY' LEE • LILLY SINCERE • SOUTHERN GEORGIA • SHERRY BRITAIN •


HE'S GONNA MARRY ME, MARRYIN' IRVING! LIL' MELVIN'S GONNA MARRY ME! C'MON!
HE MUS' BE SICK! THIS IS TERRIBLE! WE'LL ALL BE OUT O' WORK!
SHE'S BEEYOO-TIFUL! JUS' BEEYOO-TIFUL!
THA'S RIGHT, LIL' MELVIN...
JAGUAR


...ROSIE JUNE IS THE SHAPLIEST, MOS' GORGEOUS, MOS' LUSCIOUS GAL IN CATGUT...
HERE HE IS, LIL' MELVIN! HERE'S MARRYIN' IRVING!
S'MATTER, SON? YOU SICK? YOU WANNA RUIN EVERYTHING FOR THE REST OF US...MARRYIN' ROSIE JUNE?
AH DIDN'T SAY NO SECH THING 'BOUT MARRYIN' ROSIE JUNE!


AH FOUND MAH TRUE LOVE WALKIN' DOWN IN THE HOLLER AN' I GRABBED 'ER AN' STUFFED 'ER IN THE OUTHOUSE!
LE'S SEE 'ER, LIL' MELVIN!
YEAH! LE'S SEE!

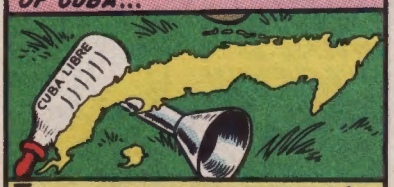

AIN'T SHE BEEYOOTIFUL?! AH'M IN LOVE WITH HER! LOOK!
CHOKE...
GASP...
GULP...
LIL' MELVIN! THA'S JODY, THE COYOTE...
STANDING ROOM ONLY 30 MINUTE WAIT FOR ALL SEATS!
ELECTRIC TOWEL DRYER.


...THE UGLIEST GAL IN THE WORLD!
BESIDES, HONEY! AH'M ALREADY MARRIED! ANY-BODY HERE SEEN MY HUSBAND...WALT KELLY?
THIS IS THE END!

AS A *PUBLIC SERVICE*, *PANIC MAGAZINE* PRESENTS HERE THE *REPORT* OF '*THE COMMITTEE ON PROTECTING THE SOFT MINDS OF OUR LITTLE MONSTERS*', A SUBDIVISION OF '*THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF CRANKS CRITICIZING THE COMICS*,' WHICH *INVESTIGATED* AND *ANALYZED* THE PRECEEDING LAMPOONING STRIP, '*LIL' MELVIN*'. HERE ARE THEIR FINDINGS...

'LIL' MELVIN'... A THREAT TO AMERICA!

THIS COMMITTEE *SCANNED* THE CARTOON STORY, 'LIL' MELVIN'. WE FOUND IT *REPLETE* WITH *SUBTILE INNUENDOS*, BOTH *WRITTEN* AND *VISUAL*, WHICH OBVIOUSLY WERE INTENDED TO *CONTAMINATE* THE *MINDS OF OUR CHILDREN* AND *GNAW* AT THE VERY *FOUNDATIONS* OF OUR *DEMOCRACY*. TAKE FOR EXAMPLE *PANEL 7, PAGE 3*. BELOW IS AN *ENLARGEMENT* OF THE AREA OF THE PANEL IN QUESTION. NOTE THE *FINE DECORATIVE LINES*. UPON *CAREFUL* EXAMINATION, ONE CAN SEE THAT THEY FORM A *MAP OF CUBA*...



THIS... IS *HIDDEN GEOGRAPHY!*

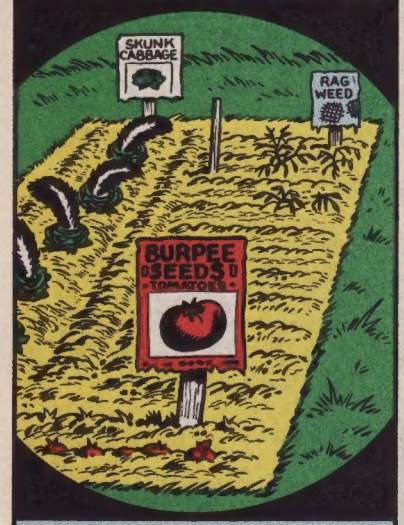
NOW TURN TO *PAGE 4, PANEL 6!* BY PLACING THE AREA IN QUESTION UNDER A *MAGNIFYING GLASS*, ONE CAN MAKE OUT *TWO FINELY DETAILED DRAWINGS* OF *OLD TIME VICTROLAS*...

THESE... ARE *PHONOGRAPHIC PICTURES!*

IN THE DISTANT BACKGROUND OF *PANEL 4, PAGE 5*, A *LOW-POWERED MICROSCOPE* REVEALS A DRAWING OF A *COW* IN THE PASTURE. THIS IS OBVIOUSLY LIL' MELVIN'S *MOTHER'S* COW... *MAMMY'S* COW... *MA'S* COW...

MOSCOW IS THE *CAPITOL* OF *RUSSIA! THIS... IS COMMUNIST PROPOGANDA!*

PANEL 6, PAGE 6! ONE FINDS, UNDER A *HIGH-POWERED* MICROSCOPE, THAT THE *BURPEE SEED ENVELOPE* TACKED TO THE STAKE IN THE VEGETABLE GARDEN CONTAINS A PICTURE OF A *RIPE TOMATO*. *THIS* TOMATO IS *RED*...



TCH! TCH! *RED!* SUCH A *COLOR!*

AN *ELECTRON MICROSCOPE* UNCOVERS THE STARTLING FACT THAT *MARRYIN' IRVING*, IN *PANEL 2, PAGE 7*, HAS A *MINIATURE CANDID CAMERA* HIDDEN IN HIS LAPEL...

THIS... IS *HIDDEN PHOTOGRAPHY...*

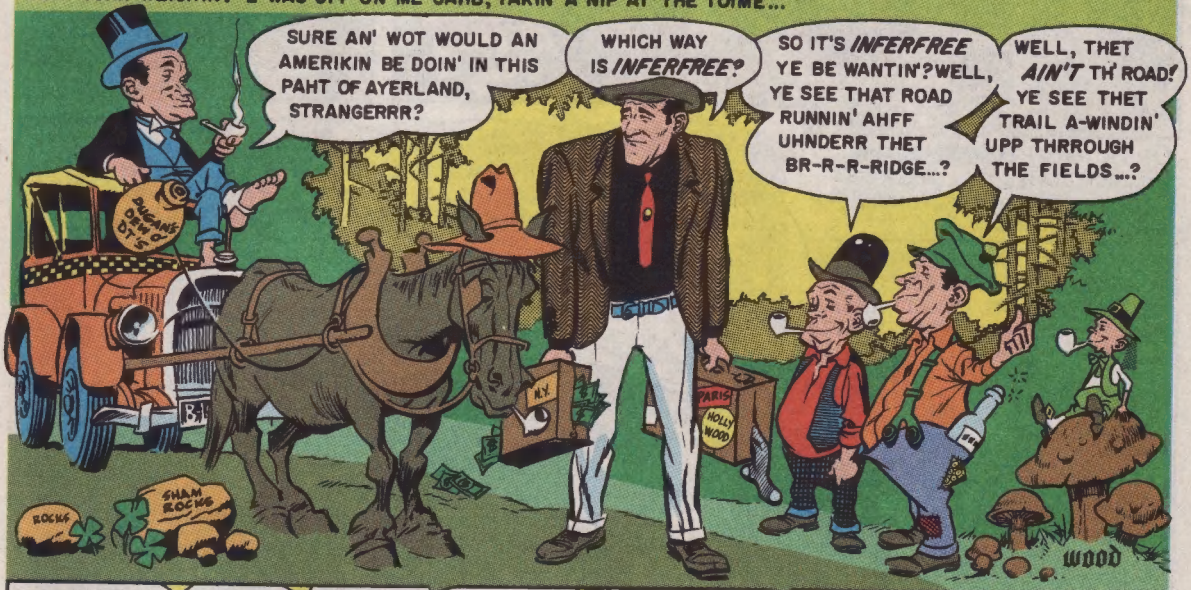
LIL' MELVIN' IS THEREFORE *CONDEMNED* BY THIS SUB-COMMITTEE AS BEING *UN-AMERICAN, UNFIT* FOR *CHILDREN*, AND A *SHOCKING* EXAMPLE OF WHAT THE AMERICAN PUBLIC IS BEING *FED* BY *VICIOUS, PROFIT-GRABBING PUBLISHERS*. THE *FOLLOWING* IS A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE COMMITTEE *STUDYING* THE MATERIAL...

SO WE *ENJOYED* IT! SO *SUE US!*

REALISTIC, PHOTOGRAPHED-ON-THE-SPOT, DIALECT-AND-ALL MOVIES DEPT. (TECHNICOLOR, MOSTLY GREEN, 'CAUSE IT'S ABOUT THE IRISH! DIVISION): REMEMBER "AFRICAN SCREAM"? THEY WENT TO AFRICA TO MAKE THAT ONE. REMEMBER "QUO VITALIS"? THEY TRAVELLED RIGHT TO ROME TO SHOOT THAT MEGS. AND THEN THERE WAS "DESTINATION MOON"! WELL, COUPLE YEARS AGO, SOME BRIGHT PRODUCER ROUNDED UP ALL THE ACTORS AND ACTRESSES IN HOLLYWOOD THAT SPOKE WITH A BROGUE AND SHIPPED 'EM OFF TO IRELAND ... FED 'EM MRS. MURPHY'S CHOWDER, GARNISHED WITH OVERALLS ... PAID THEM OFF WITH POTATO JOY-JUICE ... AND CAME UP WITH THIS BRAWL. SO, SURE AN' GIT READY TO STICK OUT YERR CHIN, STRETCH YERR LIPS INTO A LEERING SMILE, AND READ THE HEART-WAR-R-R-MIN, SHILLELAGH SLINGIN', FOIN BROTH OF A FILM CAHLED...

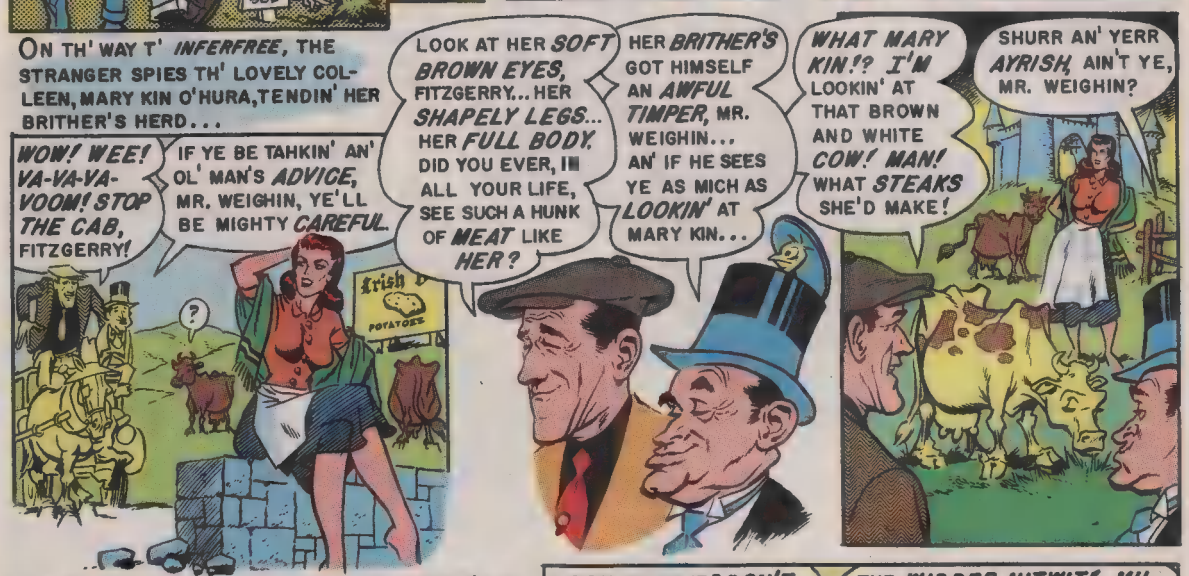
THE QUITE-A-MAN!

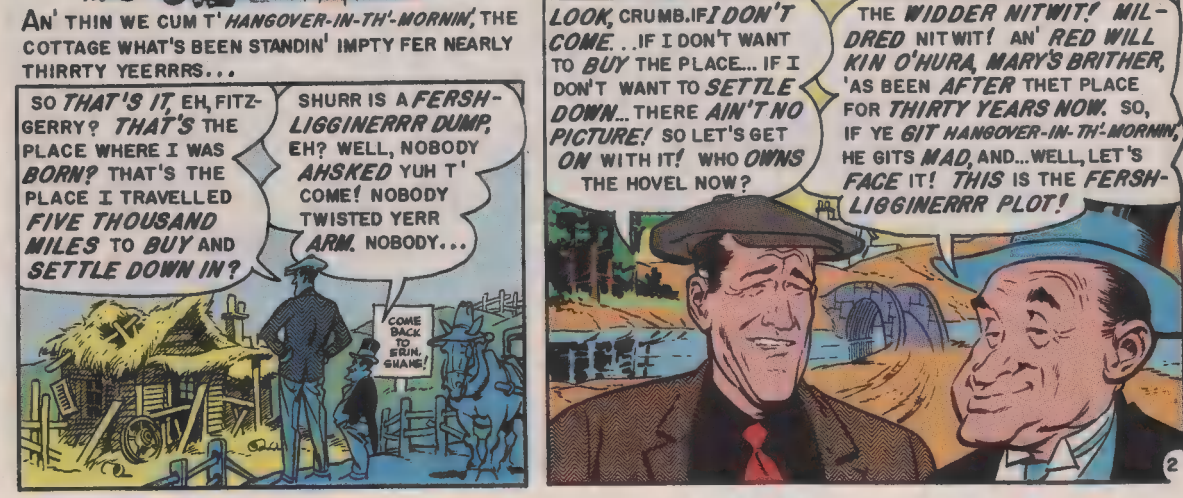
TOP O' TH' MARNIN' T' YE! ME NOIME IS BERRY FITSGERRY. OI'M THE CAHB DRIVER BOOKIE, AND *SHAUGRAUN*... WHICH IS THE MATCH-MAKER ORR MARRIAGE BROKERRR... CUMINLY KNOWN AS THE *SHADCHEN* FERR THE LITTLE AYRISH TOWN OF *INFERFREE*. IT TALL STAHRTED WHEN THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN FRUM DUBLIN FOINALLY PULLED INTA CASTLEROOK STAYSHUN NOIN HOURS LAYTE (WHICH IS GOOD TOIME FOR THE MIDNIGHT TRAIN) AND HIMSELF GOT AHFF... HIMSELF BEIN' JOHN WEIGHIN. I WAS UPP ON ME CAHB, TAKIN' A NIP AT THE TOIME...



LOOK! ALL I WANT IS INFERFREE!
THIS IS OURR FIGHT, STRANGER!
IF YE WANT IN, YE'LL HAVE TO PAY! NOBODY GITS INTA A GOOD AYRISH BRAWL FER FREE!
THE AULD SOD
Irish Stew

SO, SEEIN' ME OPPORTUNITY, OI CLIMBS AAFF ME CAHB AN' TAHKES THE STRANGER'S BAHGS...
HEY, YOU! COME BACK HERE WITH THOSE...
SHURR AN' OI'M ASKIN' YE NICELY NOW. IF'N YE BE WANTIN' T' GIT TO INFER-FREE...
...KINDLY BE TAHKIN' YERR FERSHLIGGINERRR HANDS AHFFA ME AN' CLOIMB UP IN ME CAHB WHICH IS FER HIRE...
NYC
ERIN OR BUST


ON TH' WAY T' INFERFREE, THE STRANGER SPIES TH' LOVELY COLLEEN, MARY KIN O'HURA, TENDIN' HER BRITHER'S HERD...
WOW! WEE! VA-VA-VA-VOOM! STOP THE CAB, FITZGERRY!
IF YE BE TAHKIN' AN' OL' MAN'S ADVICE, MR. WEIGHIN, YE'LL BE MIGHTY CAREFUL.
?
Irish POTATOES
LOOK AT HER SOFT BROWN EYES, FITZGERRY... HER SHAPELY LEGS... HER FULL BODY. DID YOU EVER, IN ALL YOUR LIFE, SEE SUCH A HUNK OF MEAT LIKE HER?
HER BRITHER'S GOT HIMSELF AN AWFUL TIMPER, MR. WEIGHIN... AN' IF HE SEES YE AS MICH AS LOOKIN' AT MARY KIN...
WHAT MARY KIN!? I'M LOOKIN' AT THAT BROWN AND WHITE COW! MAN! WHAT STEAKS SHE'D MAKE!
SHURR AN' YERR AYRISH, AIN'T YE, MR. WEIGHIN?


AN' THIN WE CUM T' HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN', THE COTTAGE WHAT'S BEEN STANDIN' IMPTY FER NEARLY THIRRTY YEERRRS...
SO THAT'S IT, EH, FITZGERRY? THAT'S THE PLACE WHERE I WAS BORN? THAT'S THE PLACE I TRAVELLED FIVE THOUSAND MILES TO BUY AND SETTLE DOWN IN?
SHURR IS A FERSHLIGGINERRR DUMP, EH? WELL, NOBODY AHSKED YUH T' COME! NOBODY TWISTED YERR ARM. NOBODY...
COME BACK TO ERIN, SHANE!
LOOK, CRUMB. IF I DON'T COME... IF I DON'T WANT TO BUY THE PLACE... IF I DON'T WANT TO SETTLE DOWN... THERE AIN'T NO PICTURE! SO LET'S GET ON WITH IT! WHO OWNS THE HOVEL NOW?
THE WIDDER NITWIT! MILDRED NITWIT! AN' RED WILL KIN O'HURA, MARY'S BRITHER, 'AS BEEN AFTER THET PLACE FOR THIRTY YEARS NOW. SO, IF YE GIT HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN', HE GITS MAD, AND... WELL, LET'S FACE IT! THIS IS THE FERSHLIGGINERRR PLOT!

SO THETS HOW JOHN WEIGHIN CUM T' INFERFREE. AN' IT WUZ TH' VERRY NIXT DAY THET HE PAID THE WIDDER NITWIT A CALL ...
WHAT? SELL HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN'? NIVERR, MR. WEIGHIN! NIVERR! ER...SO, HOW MUCH YOU WILLIN' T' PAY?
SIX HUNDRED, MRS. NITWIT!
OI'LL MAKE IT SIX FIFTY...
ENTER THE VILLAIN
IT WUZ BIG RED WILL KIN O'HURA...
ONE THOUSAND, MRS. NITWIT!
ONE THOUSAND! WHY IT AIN'T WORTH ONE THOUSAND! IT AIN'T WORTH SIX FIFTY!
SORE LOSER! SOLD TO MR. WEIGHIN FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS!
RED WILL WUS SHURR MAD AT LOSIN' HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN'. HE GUT SO MAD, HE STAHRTED LOOKIN' LIKE VICTOR McGLAGGLEN...
HOKAY, YANK! YE WIN THIS TOIME! BIT, STAY AWAY FROM ME SISTER, KATE, OR OI'LL WIPE UPP THE FLOOR WI' YE!
WHY? THIS FLOOR DON'T LOOK DIRTY!
BYZE! BYZE! WHY DON' YE SHAHKE HANDS...?
SHAHKE HANDS, IS IT? HEH, HEH! HOKAY! OI'M WILLIN!
ME, TOO! PUT 'ER THERE, RED WILL!
NNNNGGG!
NNNNGG...
CRUNCH
UHHHHH!
MMMMM!
CREAK
SNAP CRACKLE POP
YIPE!
BZZZZ
ORDER YOUR HANDY-DANDY PALM BUZZER TODAY! SURPRISE YOUR FRIENDS!
LE'ME HAVE IT, YANK! LE'ME HAVE IT!
UH-UH! NOT UNLESS YOU GIVE ME SOMETHIN' IN RETURN!
WHAT I COULDN'T DO WITH A HANDY-DANDY PALM BUZZER! HOKAY, YANK! HIT'S A DEAL!
YOU KIN MARRY MARY KIN. NOW, HAND IT OVER!
SEE? THIS ELIMINATES AT LEAST THREE PAGES OF HORSE RACING AND WE CAN GET ON WITH THE FERSHLUGGINER PLOT!

THE WIDDIN' WUZ HILD AND EVVY-BODDY IN *INFERFREE* GOT IN FER FREE. AHFTA THE CEREMONY, BIG RED WILL CUM IN LOOKIN' REAL MAD...

THE *SPRING BROHKE!* I WUZ SHAHKIN' HANDS WITH AHLL THE GISTS AN' THE *SPRING BROHKE!*

TOO BAD, RED WILL. CAN'T GO BACK ON YOUR *WORD* NOW! ME AND MARY KIN ■ *ALREADY MARRIED!*

CLEVER, AIN'T YUH? WELL, *I* DIDN'T SAY *NUTHIN'* ABOUT HER *DOWERY. YOU* GUT *HER,* YANK! BUT YOU *AIN'T* GITTIN' HER *DOWERY!*

ME *DOWERY!?* BUT YE *GUTTER* GI'ME ME DOWERY! *JOHN WEIGHIN!* YOU *MAKE* 'IM GI'ME ME DOWERY!

FOR-GET ABOUT IT, MARY KIN!

FORGET ABOUT IT? FORGET ABOUT ME *DOWERY?* FORGET ABOUT ALL THESE *LOVELY THINGS* I'LL BE *NEEDIN'* IN ME *NEW HOME?* THESE LOVELY THINGS I KEPT *COVERED* EVER SINCE THE WAR! *NIVVERR!*

BUT, WHAT COULD BE SO *IMPOR-TANT?* WHAT *IS* YOUR DOWERY, MARY KIN?

THE VILLAIN

BOO

THIS VARIABLE PITCH PROPELLER I GOT OFF AN AMERICAN PILOT...

...THIS M-1 FIELD KITCHEN COMPLETE WITH MESS KITS I STOLE FROM A BIVOUAC AREA...

...THIS SLIGHTLY BENT BAZZOOKA... THIS MANUAL ON HOW TO DIG A SLIT TRENCH...

...THIS GOOD-CONDUCT MEDAL... THIS HALF-EATEN HERSHEY WITH ALMONDS...

...AN' ME FORTUNE! SEVENTY-SIX DOLLARS I WON PLAYIN' CRAPS WITH THE BOYS!

SPAM

RATION "C"

YE SEE, WEIGHIN! YOU AIN'T THE *FIRST* YANK THAT'S BEEN HERE. THERE WAS AN *AIRFIELD...*

YE KIN *TAHK* THE *JUNK!* *OI'M KEEPIN'* TH' *FORTUNE!*

LET'S *GO,* MARY KIN!

A *COW-ARD, THAT'S* WHAT I MARRIED! A *COWARD!*

WHIN MARY KIN AN' JOHN WEIGHIN GUT T' *HANGOVER-IN-THE MORNIN',* MARY RUN INTA THE BIDROOM AN' LOCKED TH' DOOR...

...AN' *YOU* KIN SLEEP OUT IN THE *LIVIN' RUM* TILL YE GIT ME ME *FORTUNE,* JOHN WEIGHIN!

MARY KIN YOU *OPEN THIS DOOR.* THIS ■ OUR *WEDDIN' NIGHT.* I *CAN'T* SLEEP IN THE LIVIN' ROOM ON OUR *WEDDIN' NIGHT. OPEN THIS DOOR OR I'LL BUST IT DOWN!*

MASH

GI

JOHN WEIGHIN GUT AWFUL MAD, HE BACKED HIMSELF UP AN'...

LISTEN T' HERCULES!

I WARNED YOU, MARY KIN!

BOOM

YOU...YOU BROKE DOWN THE DOOR! YOU...YERR...YERR QUITE-A-MAN!

SEE? THIS IS WHERE THEY GOT THE TITLE FOR THE PICTURE!

I TOL' YUH I CAN'T SLEEP IN THE LIVIN' ROOM ON OUR WEDDIN' NIGHT, MARY KIN...

PUT ME DOWN!

Bless our Irish home

YOU CAN'T EXPECT A MAN T'SLEEP IN THE LIVIN' ROOM ON HIS WEDDIN' NIGHT!

OOOOFFF!

THUD!

...WHEN THERE AIN'T NO BED IN THE LIVIN' ROOM...

COME BACK HERE WITH THAT!

TH' NEXT MORNIN', OI WUZ WAITIN' OUTSIDE HANGOVER-IN-TH'-MORNIN', WHEN JOHN WEIGHIN FOINALLY...WOKE UP...

WHERE'S MY WIFE? WHERE'S MARY KIN?

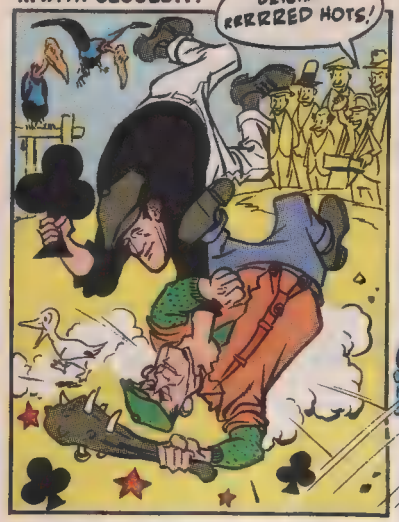
SHE'S GONE T' CASTLEROOK STAYSHUN T' KITCH TH' MID-NIGHT TRAIN FER DUBLIN WHICH IS JUS' ABOUT LEAVIN'!

SADDLE UP MY HORSE, FITZGERRY! I'LL BE RIGHT OUT!

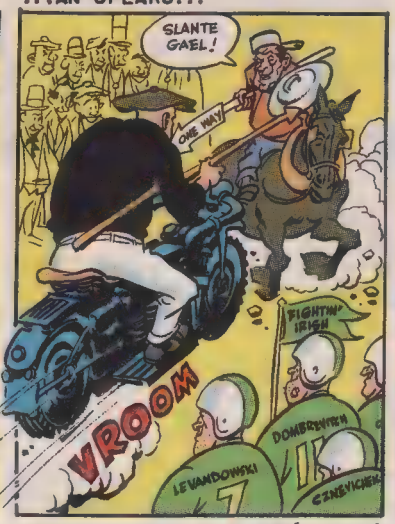
'SADDLE UPP ME HARSE', HE SAYS. 'SADDLE UP ME HARSE!' LIKE OI DIDN'T READ THE SCRIPT! LIKE OI DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS GONNA GO AHFTER HER! LIKE I DIDN'T SADDLE UPP HIS FERSHLIGGINERRR HARSE TWO HOURS AGO...

SO JOHN WEIGHIN RODE HIS HARSE DUNE T' CASTLEROOK STAYSHUN AND DRAGGED HIS BRIDE BACK THROUGH INFERFREE ...
OH-OH! SHURR AN' THIS MEANS TROOBLE!
TAPE UP THE WIN-DOWS!
SHURR AN' THERE'S GONNA BE A FIGHT!
OWWW! HEY, JOHN, TAKE IT EASY! THESE'RE COBBLE-STONES!
HE DRAGGED MARY KIN RIGHT UPP TO HER BROTHER'S PLACE AND THREW HER AT HIS FEET...
YOU OWE ME SEVENTY-SIX DOLLARS, RED WILL!
NOW, ISN'T THET A FERSHLIGG-INERRR SHAME, YANK? WELL, I AIN'T PAYIN'!
THUD!
THEN TAKE BACK YOUR FERSHLUGGINER SISTER! NO DOWERY! NO MARRIAGE!
NO! WAIT! HERE'S YOUR MONEY! HERE! DON'T GIVE HER BACK TO ME! I COULDN'T STAND IT! HERE! TAKE YOUR DOUGH!
DOUGH?! AIN'T YOU FERGETTIN' YER AYRISH BROGUE, RED WILL?
OI LOST ME HEAD! HERE, YANK! TAHKE YERR MUNEE!
ALL RIGHT? NOW YOU SATISFIED, MARY KIN?
I'LL BE HOME WARMIN' UPP YERR SUPPER, JOHN...
GNNNGGGG...
...WHEN YERR THROUGH GETTIN' BEAT TO A BLUDDY PULP BY ME BRITHER!
SHURR AN' IT LOOKS LIHK IT'S GONNA BE AN OL' FASHIONED MORTON DONNYBROOK!
CRUNCH!
THIN IT STAHRTED...THE WURST FIGHT INFERFREE, OR THE WHOLE OF AYERLAND FER THET MATTERR, EVER SEEN...
BOF!
THEY USED ANYTHIN' THEY COULD LAY THEIRR HANDS ON...
BLARNEY STONE
KROMP!
THEY FOUGHT UPP AND DUNE THE WHOLE COUNTY...
FORE

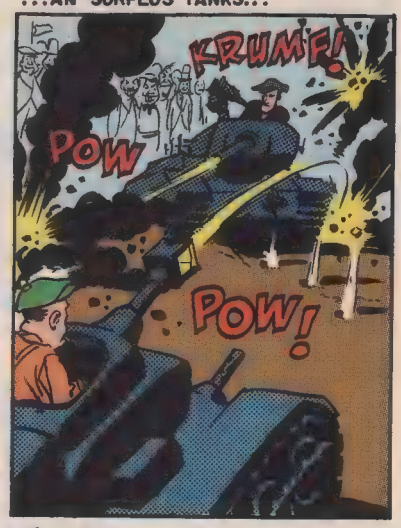
...WITH CLOOBS...



...AN' SPEARS...



...AN' SURPLUS TANKS...



THEY WUZ KILLIN' EACH OTHER...

WHEN...

...THE WEE ANIMALS CUM BY...

The following interview was conducted outside a large motion picture theater in New York, exclusively for this issue of Panic. Your editors were anxious to determine the public's senments concerning 3-D movies, one of which was being exhibited at said theater:

Panic Reporter: How do you do, ma'am? I noticed that you just came out of that movie house. What is your name?

Young Lady: Hah? You talkin' t' me?

Pan. Rep.: Panic magazine is conducting a poll on the popularity of 3-D movies, ma'am. We'd like to get your reaction.

Young Lady: So how come there are *two* of you?

Pan. Rep.: I'm *alone*, ma'am. Don't you *feel* good, ma'am?

Young Babe: Oh, the pains.

Panic Rep.: Just tryin' t' get the *facts*, ma'am.

Young Lady: Ain't I seen you two somewhere *before*?

Panic Rep.: I'm *alone*, ma'am. Just want the *facts*, ma'am.

Young Lady: Ain't I heard you on the *radio*?

Panic Rep.: Sorry, ma'am.

Young Lady: Say! *Now* there's only one of you. Where'd your *buddy* go?

Panic Rep.: He went in to see the show. What'd *you* think of it?

Young Lady: *What* show?

Panic Rep.: The *3-D movie* in that theater you just came out of.

Young Lady: Is *that* what it was? *3-D*, eh?

Panic Rep.: That's *right*, ma'am. Didn't they give you *glasses* when you went in? *Polaroid* glasses?

Young Lady: I *snuk in*, through the *exit door* down the alley.

Panic Rep.: And you watched the show *without glasses*?

Young Lady: Uh-huh.

Panic Rep.: What did you *think* of it?

Young Lady: *Awful photography!*

Panic Rep.: Anything *else*, ma'am?

Young Lady: *Terribly miscast.*

Panic Rep.: Miscast, ma'am?

Young Lady: Who'd fall in love with a girl that's got *two heads*?

Panic Rep.: Yes, ma'am.

Young Lady: Come to *think* of it, the *hero* had two heads, *too!*

Panic Rep.: Just tryin' t' get the *facts*, ma'am.

Young Lady: You *sure* I ain't seen you on *T.V.*?

Panic Rep.: What do you think is the *future* of *3-D movies*, ma'am?

Young Lady: Nuthin'!

Panic Rep.: Nothing, ma'am?

Young Lady: Who's gonna pay *good money* t' watch two *headed people makin' love*?

Panic Rep.: May I have your *name*, ma'am?

Young Lady: Pearl!

Panic Rep.: Pearl *what*?

Young Lady: Pearl Pearlmutter!

Panic Rep.: Pearl Pearlmutter! What an *interesting name!*

Young Lady: My mother *stuttered.*

Panic Rep.: I see.

Young Lady: She married her *cousin.*

Panic Rep.: Yes, ma'am.

Young Lady: Oh, your friend's back. Well, I have to run. I'm due back at the Home.

Panic Rep.: The Home, ma'am?

Young Lady: Don't be so nosey.

Panic Rep.: Just tryin' t' get the facts, ma'am.

Young Lady: Hmmmm. I'd *swear* I saw you two on T.V. Say! Now there's *three* of you. *I know!* You're *Kukla, Fran and Ollie.* Oh, those *pains.* Well. 'Bye, now.

LUDICROUS LITERATURE DEPT. (CHILDREN'S POETRY DIVISION): REMEMBER WHEN YOU WERE A KID? REMEMBER THE MISERABLE BIRTHDAY PARTIES YOUR OLD LADY DRAGGED YOU TO... WHEN YOU HAD TO GET UP BEFORE A BUNCH OF GIGGLING BRATS AND BEAMING PARENTS AND *RECITE?* REMEMBER THE STUPID SUBJECT MATTER OF THOSE POEMS? WELL, YOUR *PANICKY EDITORS* REMEMBER! AND HERE'S THEIR *REVENGE! PANIC MAGAZINE PRESENTS MODERNIZED VERSIONS OF...*

MOTHER GOON'S NERTZERY RHYMES

REMEMBER *THIS* SICKENING LITTLE SAMPLE...?

MARY, MARY, QUITE CONTRARY... *HOW* DOES YOUR GARDEN *GROW?*

SO, HOW SHOULD *I* KNOW? AM I AN *AGRICULTURAL EXPERT?!*

...OR THIS ONE?...

TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR... *WHAT* ■ *HECK* DO YOU *THINK* YOU *ARE*...

A *FLASHLIGHT?*

HOW ABOUT...

JACK, BE *NIMBLE!* *JACK*, BE *QUICK!*

JACK, JUMP OVER THE CANDLESTI—...

OOPS!

CLUMSY!

THIS ONE ALWAYS RILED US...

BAA, BAA, BLACK SHEEP, HAVE YOU ANY *WOOL?*

SO, WHAT'D'YA THINK IS *GROWIN'* ALL OVER ME? *NYLON?*

...AND THIS ONE...

RUB-A-DUB-DUB!

WE'RE *THREE MEN IN A TUB!*

NOW WE *ASK* YOU! *IS THAT SANITARY?*

H.M.S. SATURDAY NIGHT

SLOBS

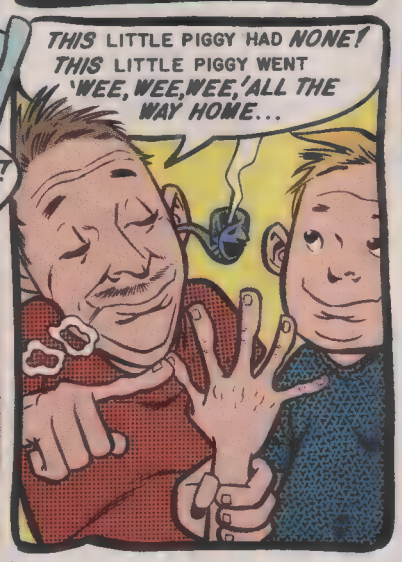
OLD MOTHER HUBBARD WENT TO THE CUPBOARD, TO GET HER STARVED DOG A BONE...
VACANCY
BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE...
SO THE MUTT ATE UP THE OLD CRONE!
WHY THIS...SLURRP...SOLUTION DIDN'T OCCUR TO ME YEARS AGO... CHOMP... I'LL NEVER KNOW!
LITTLE JACK HORNER SAT IN A CORNER, EATING HIS CHRISTMAS PIE...
HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB, AND PULLED OUT A PLUM...
AND SAID...
ANYBODY WHAT EATS WITH HIS HANDS IS A SLOB... LIKE I!
JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER...
JACK CAME DOWN WITH A BUSTED CROWN...
SO I DIDN'T GO UP FOR WATER! SO LET HER SUE ME!

LITTLE MISS MUFFET SAT ON A TUFFET, EATING HER CURDS AND WHEY...
SO THIS IS A TUFFET?

WHEN ALONG CAME A TIGER, AND SAT DOWN BESIDE HER...

AND SAID...
KIN YOU TELL ME WHERE T'FIND A GUY NAMED WALT KELLY?
SHE NO SPEEK THE IRISH.'

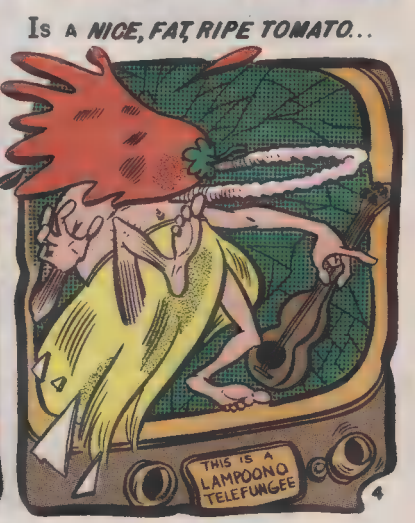
HOW ABOUT THIS ONE? REMEMBER WHEN YOUR OLD MAN USED TO HOLD YOU ON HIS KNEE... AND TAKE YOUR PUDGY LITTLE HAND IN HIS... AND RECITE...
THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT TO MARKET! THIS LITTLE PIGGY STAYED HOME! THIS LITTLE PIGGY HAD ROAST BEEF!


THIS LITTLE PIGGY HAD NONE! THIS LITTLE PIGGY WENT 'WEE, WEE, WEE,' ALL THE WAY HOME...

...AND THIS LITTLE PIGGY...
...CHOKE...

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER SINGS FOR HIS SUPPER...

HIS FAVORITE FOOD, YOU KNOW...

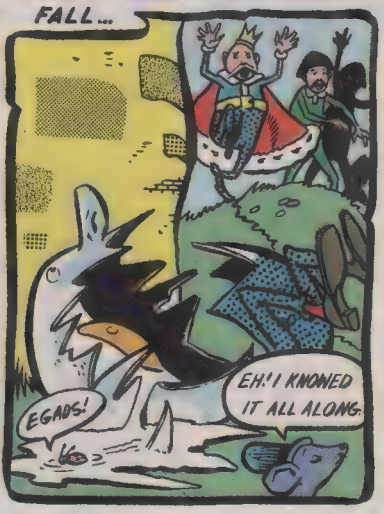

IS A NICE, FAT, RIPE TOMATO...
THIS IS A LAMPOONO TELEFUNGEE

SING A SONG OF SIXPENCE... AND A FIFTH OF BOTTLED RYE...
HMMMM!
FOUR STAR GOONYAK

THE CHEF GOT DRUNK BEFORE DINNER... AND BAKED TWENTY-FOUR BIRDS IN A PIE...
DUM...DA...DUM...DUM...SHICE...

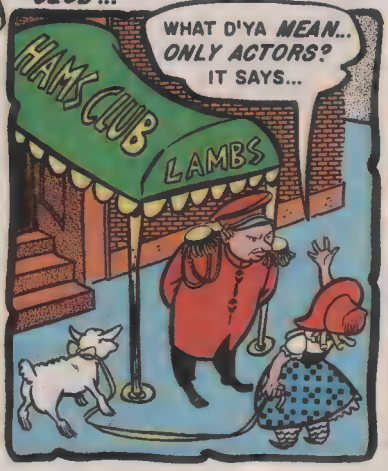
WHEN THE PIE WAS OPENED... THE BIRDS BEGAN TO SING...
SHWE-E-E-E-T A-A-DOH-L-I-I-INE!
MAN, WHAT A CRAZY DISH... TO SET BEFORE A KING!
ONE THING I CAN'T STAND..QUARTETS!

HUMPTY-DUMPTY SAT ON A WALL...
NOW THAT'S WHAT I CALLS A ROUND SQUARE!

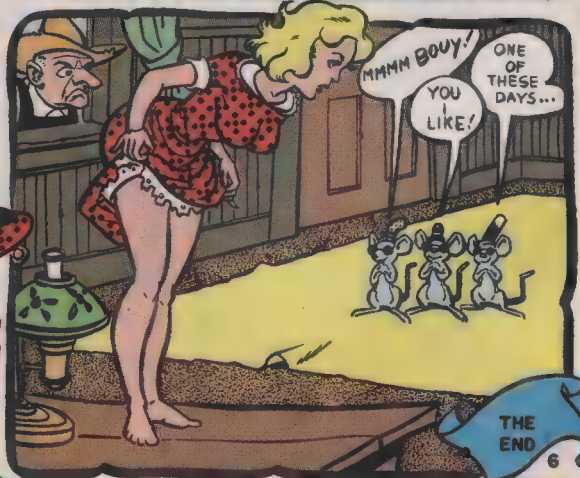

HUMPTY-DUMPTY HAD A GREAT FALL...
EGADS!
EH! I KNOWED IT ALL ALONG.

ALL THE KING'S MORONS AND ALL THE KING'S DREGS, FOR SUPPER THAT NIGHT, HAD...
SCRAMBLED EGGS!

MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB... ITS FLEECE WAS WHITE AS SNOW...
FOR SALE


SHE TOOK IT TO THE LAMB'S CLUB...
WHAT D'YA MEAN... ONLY ACTORS? IT SAYS...
HAMS CLUB
LAMBS

AND THEY TOLD HER WHERE TO GO!
@#x$?!!
TCH, TCH! SUCH LANGUAGE! COME, SNOOKUMS! THIS IS NO PLACE FOR US!



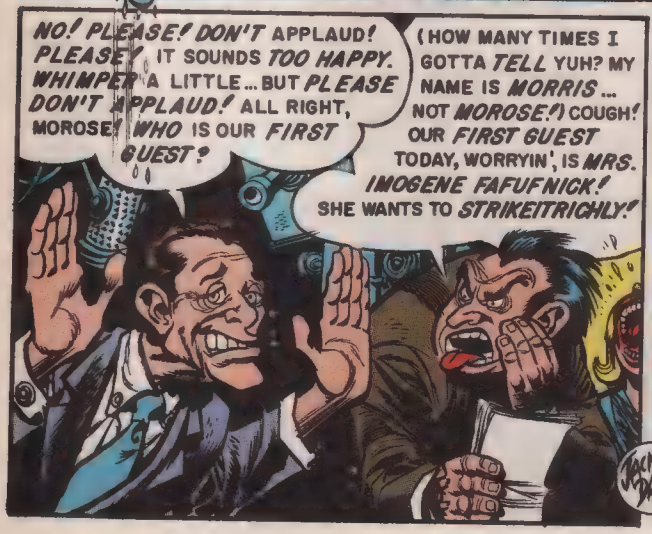
OR

LAMPOON ON HOW SOME EDITORS SIGN THEIR NAMES....

SLOPPY SENTIMENTALISM DEPT. (TELL TEN MILLION PEOPLE YOUR MISERY AND COLLECT! DIVISION): HERE'S A DELIGHTFUL LITTLE MASS MEDIA PRODUCTION! YOU GET *THIS* ONE SLUNG AT YOU *FIVE MORNINGS A WEEK* IF YOU'RE UNLUCKY ENOUGH TO FIND YOURSELF IN FRONT OF A *T.V. SET* DURING THE DAY (LIKE *MOST* BUSY HOUSEWIVES), AND *ONE EVENING* A WEEK, *TOO*... ON BOTH T.V. *AND* RADIO, SO YOU *CAN'T ESCAPE!* YOU'VE GOT TO *SIT* AND *WATCH* AND *LISTEN* AND *RETCH* AS *WORRYIN' HULK* INTERVIEWS *PATHETIC PEOPLE* WITH *ALL KINDS TROUBLES* WHO WANT TO...

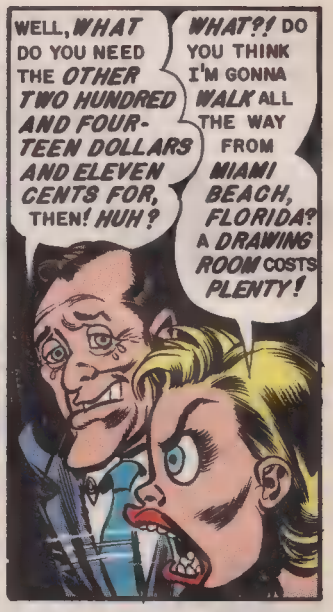
STRIKE IT RICHLY!

BEFORE *'STRIKE IT RICHLY'* GOES OUT OVER THE AIRWAVES, THE DOORS AND WINDOWS ■ THE STUDIO ARE *LOCKED*, AND FIVE BUSY LITTLE *PROP MEN* START CHOPPING *ONIONS* BEFORE *FIVE TREMENDOUS ELECTRIC FANS*, THE *AROMA* OF WHICH, WHEN BLASTED OUT OVER THE MISERY-LOVING MEMBERS OF THE STUDIO AUDIENCE, *REALLY* STARTS THINGS BAWLING...

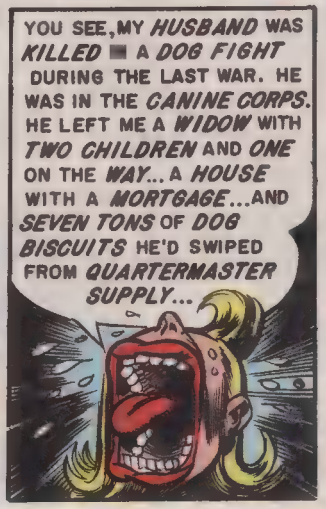


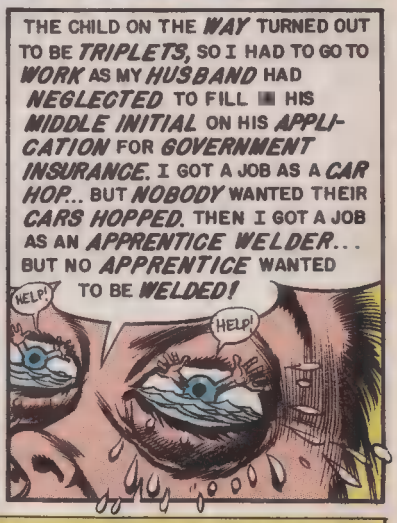
GET HER OUTTA HERE! SHE MIGHT MAKE 'EM LAUGH!
GET TO HER TSURIS... HER TROUBLES! SHE'LL SLAY 'EM!
I NEED THREE HUNDRED AND SIX DOLLARS AND ELEVEN CENTS!

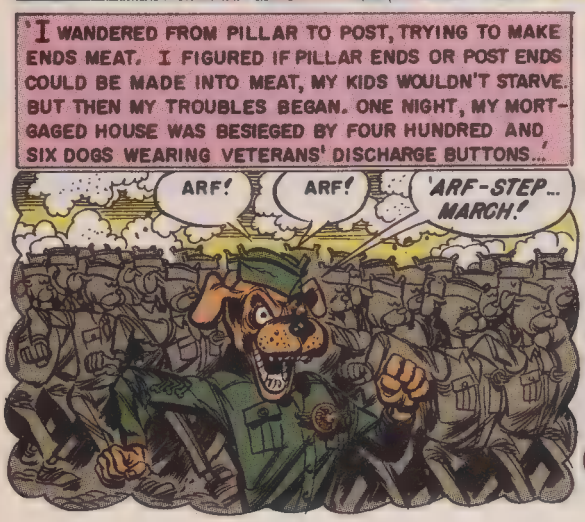
AND THAT'S WHY YOU'VE COME TO 'STRIKE IT RICHLY', EH, MRS. FAFUFNICK?
NO! ACTUALLY, I CAME TO 'STRIKE IT RICHLY' TO GET NINETY-TWO DOLLARS!
QUIET!

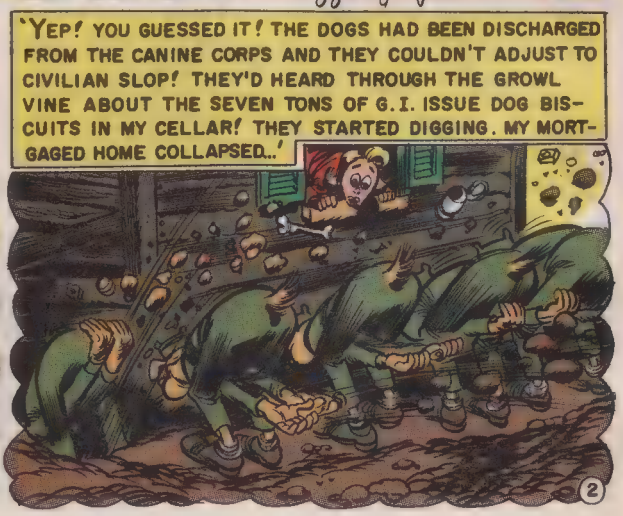

WELL, WHAT DO YOU NEED THE OTHER TWO HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN DOLLARS AND ELEVEN CENTS FOR, THEN! HUH?
WHAT?! DO YOU THINK I'M GONNA WALK ALL THE WAY FROM MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA? A DRAWING ROOM COSTS PLENTY!

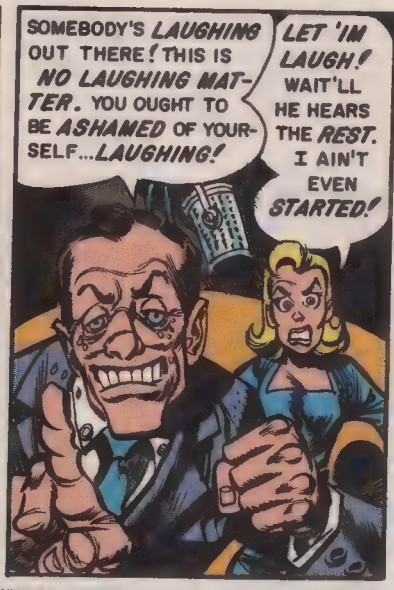
GET HER OUTTA HERE! SHE'LL MAKE 'EM GIGGLE!
GET TO HER FERSHLUGGINER MISERY! SHE'LL MURDER 'EM!
OH, HAVE I GOT MISERY, MR. HULK. I GOT MISERY I WOULDN'T EVEN WISH ON BETTY DAVIS!

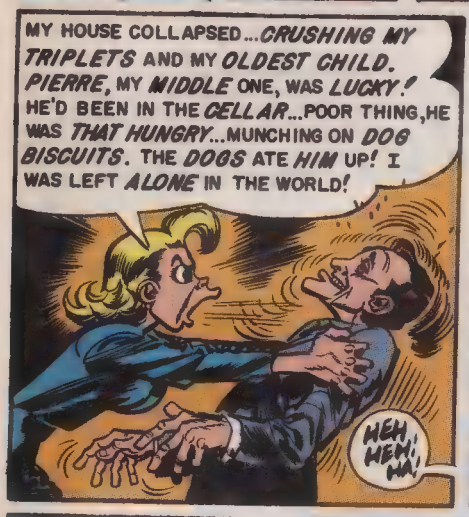

YOU SEE, MY HUSBAND WAS KILLED IN A DOG FIGHT DURING THE LAST WAR. HE WAS IN THE CANINE CORPS. HE LEFT ME A WIDOW WITH TWO CHILDREN AND ONE ON THE WAY... A HOUSE WITH A MORTGAGE... AND SEVEN TONS OF DOG BISCUITS HE'D SWIPED FROM QUARTERMASTER SUPPLY...

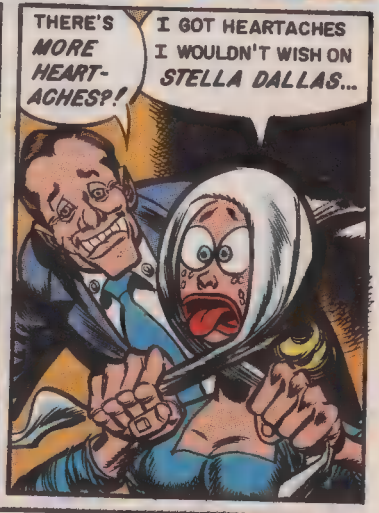

THE CHILD ON THE WAY TURNED OUT TO BE TRIPLETS, SO I HAD TO GO TO WORK AS MY HUSBAND HAD NEGLECTED TO FILL IN HIS MIDDLE INITIAL ON HIS APPLICATION FOR GOVERNMENT INSURANCE. I GOT A JOB AS A CAR HOP... BUT NOBODY WANTED THEIR CARS HOPPED. THEN I GOT A JOB AS AN APPRENTICE WELDER... BUT NO APPRENTICE WANTED TO BE WELDED!
HELP!
HELP!

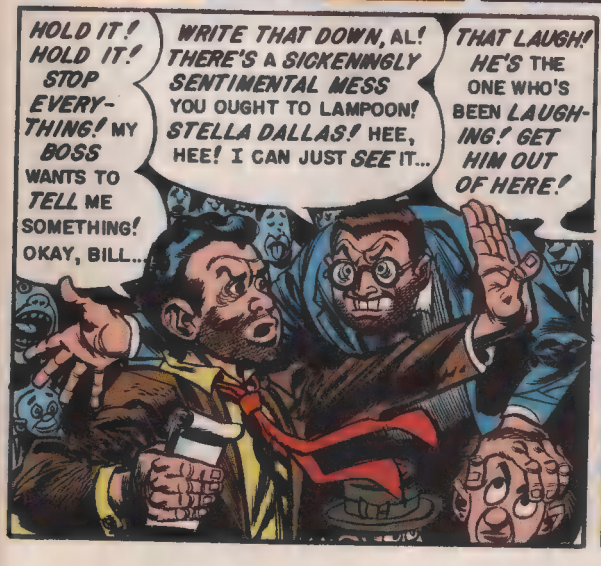

'I WANDERED FROM PILLAR TO POST, TRYING TO MAKE ENDS MEAT. I FIGURED IF PILLAR ENDS OR POST ENDS COULD BE MADE INTO MEAT, MY KIDS WOULDN'T STARVE. BUT THEN MY TROUBLES BEGAN. ONE NIGHT, MY MORTGAGED HOUSE WAS BESIEGED BY FOUR HUNDRED AND SIX DOGS WEARING VETERANS' DISCHARGE BUTTONS...'
ARF!
ARF!
'ARF-STEP... MARCH!


'YEP! YOU GUESSED IT! THE DOGS HAD BEEN DISCHARGED FROM THE CANINE CORPS AND THEY COULDN'T ADJUST TO CIVILIAN SLOP! THEY'D HEARD THROUGH THE GROWL VINE ABOUT THE SEVEN TONS OF G.I. ISSUE DOG BISCUITS IN MY CELLAR! THEY STARTED DIGGING. MY MORTGAGED HOME COLLAPSED...'





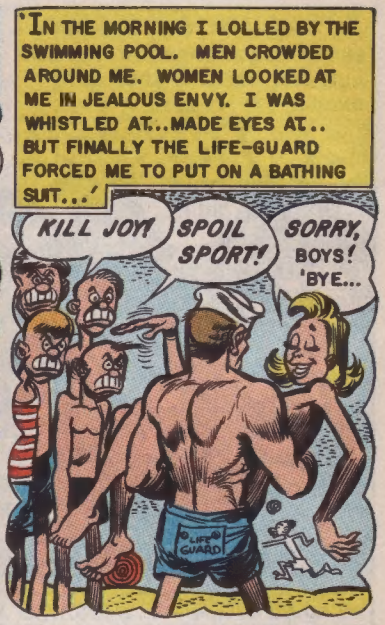




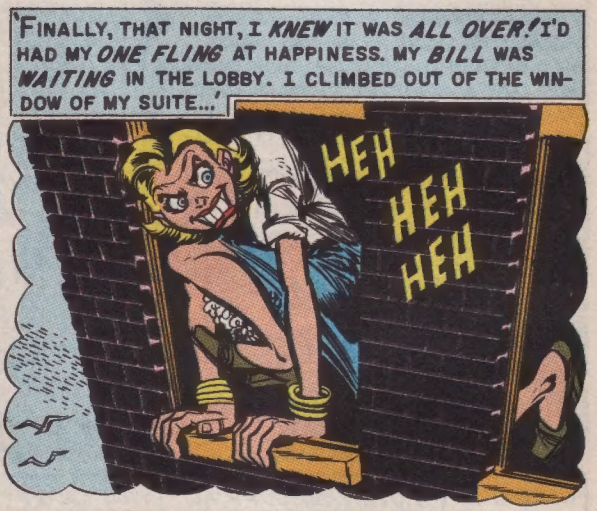
*SEE, FOLKS? THIS IS WHY WE'RE DOING THIS LAMPOON. PURE SPITE!

NOW LET'S GET BACK TO YOU, MRS. FAFUFNICK! JUST WHY DO YOU NEED NINETY-TWO DOLLARS PLUS TRAINFARE?
WELL, YOU SEE, MR. HULK. AFTER MY FAMILY WAS KILLED IN THE COLLAPSE OF MY HOME, I FIGURED I'D COMMIT SUICIDE!

'SO I WENT TO MIAMI BEACH, FLORIDA AND LIVED LIKE A QUEEN FOR ONE DAY IN THE CLASSIEST HOTEL THERE... THE ROOK-YOU PLAZA...'
DO YOU HAVE BAGS, MADAM?
ONLY UNDER MY EYES! I'M TRAVELLING LIGHT!


'IN THE MORNING I LOLLED BY THE SWIMMING POOL. MEN CROWDED AROUND ME. WOMEN LOOKED AT ME IN JEALOUS ENVY. I WAS WHISTLED AT... MADE EYES AT.. BUT FINALLY THE LIFE-GUARD FORCED ME TO PUT ON A BATHING SUIT...'
KILL JOY!
SPOIL SPORT!
SORRY, BOYS! 'BYE...
LIFE GUARD

'THAT EVENING I DINED ELEGANTLY IN THE 'HIGHWAY ROBBERY ROOM.' I DANCED AND DANCED AND DANCED TO THE GLORIOUS MUSIC OF JOE BANANA AND HIS BUNCH... MUSIC WITH A PEEL. I DANCED UNTIL...'
SORRY, MA'AM! YOU'LL HAVE TO GET A PARTNER!
KILL JOY! SPOIL SPORT!


'FINALLY, THAT NIGHT, I KNEW IT WAS ALL OVER! I'D HAD MY ONE FLING AT HAPPINESS. MY BILL WAS WAITING IN THE LOBBY. I CLIMBED OUT OF THE WINDOW OF MY SUITE...'
HEH HEH HEH

...AND JUMPED...
HEH! HEH! HEH!

...FELL FIFTEEN FLOORS...
UK!

...THROUGH THE TOP OF A CADILLAC CONVERTIBLE...
FLAP!

BY THIS TIME, THE STUDIO SOUNDS LIKE A HOSPITAL MATERNITY WARD NURSERY. SUCH *WAILING* AND *CARRYING ON!*...

HOW WE *DOIN'*, MOROSE?

(MORRIS, BLAST YOU!) WE'RE DOIN' *FINE*, WORRYIN'! THE METER READS *100 D.B.'s*...

SO *THAT'S* WHY I NEED *NINETY-TWO DOLLARS*... PLUS TRAIN FARE...

SOB... SOB...

WAAAHHH...

BOO HOO

SNIF

SNIFFLE

100 D.B.'s OF *MISERY*, EH, MORRIS? *THAT* OUGHT TO BE GOOD FOR A *BONUS*...

...*FORTY-FIVE* DOLLARS FOR *ONE DAY* AT THE *ROOK-YOU PLAZA*... AND *FORTY-SEVEN* DOLLARS TO *REPLACE* THE *CONVERTIBLE TOP!*

ALL RIGHT, MRS. FAFUFNICK! YOU HAVE *TWENTY DOLLARS!* HOW MUCH WILL YOU RISK?

I'D LIKE TO *TAKE* THE TWENTY DOLLARS...

GOOD! THAT'S A *REAL SPORT!* NOW, FOR *FORTY DOLLARS*... "WHO DISCOVERED THE *PRINCIPLES* WHEREBY *EXPANDING VAPOROUS WATER* COULD BE *HARNESSED* AND *CONVERTED* INTO *MECHANICAL POWER?*"

WHA...??

CORRECT! JAMES WATT... THE *INVENTOR* OF THE *STEAM ENGINE!* YOU NOW HAVE *FORTY DOLLARS*. WHAT DO YOU *SAY?*

IF YOU DON'T MIND I'D LIKE TO *TAKE* THE FORTY AND...

FOR *EIGHTY DOLLARS*... "*WHAT* WERE THE *INITIALS* OF THE *COMPANY* TO WHICH MR. WATT *ASSIGNED* HIS *PATENT!*"

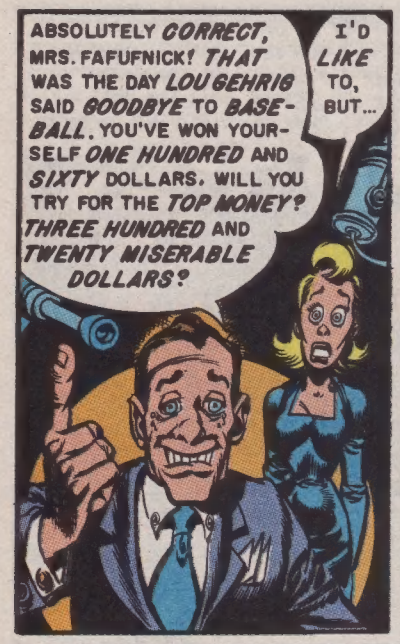
AY! AY! AY! SUCH A *QUESTION!*

CORRECT! THE *INTERNATIONAL IRRIGATED IMPLEMENT* CORPORATION! YOU NOW HAVE *EIGHTY* DOLLARS. WHAT DO YOU SAY? *QUICKLY*, NOW!

'BYE!

YOU'LL *BUY!* GOOD! FOR *ONE HUNDRED* AND *SIXTY DOLLARS*... "WHAT DID *L.G.* SAY ON *MAY 2, 1939?*"

I'M *THROUGH, NOW!*

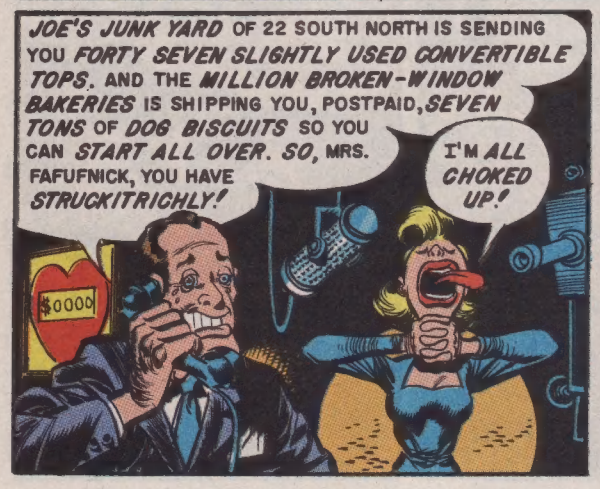

ABSOLUTELY CORRECT, MRS. FAFUFNICK! THAT WAS THE DAY LOU GEHRIG SAID GOODBYE TO BASEBALL. YOU'VE WON YOURSELF ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY DOLLARS. WILL YOU TRY FOR THE TOP MONEY? THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY MISERABLE DOLLARS?
I'D LIKE TO, BUT...

I KNEW YOU WOULD! FOR THREE HUNDRED AND TWENTY DOLLARS... "WHAT COLOR WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON'S WHITE HORSE?" SORRY, TIME'S UP! I'M AWFULLY SORRY, MRS. FAFUFNICK!
OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT! I WOULD NEVER HAVE GUESSED IT ANYWAY...

NOW THIS IS WHAT HAPPENS WHEN A POOR PATHETIC GUEST LIKE MRS. FAFUFNICK FACES GOING HOME WITHOUT "STRIKING IT RICHLY"...
FOLKS! HAVE A HEART! DON'T LET THIS POOR SLOB... COUGH... WOMAN GO AWAY EMPTY HANDED!
THE TELEPHONE NUMBER IS "MISERY-O-OOOO"! HELP THIS POOR SOUL OUT! CALL UP ON THE HEARTBURN LINE!
$320

AND NOW, WHILE WE'RE WAITING FOR OUR NEXT GUEST, HERE'S A WORD FROM OUR SPONSOR!
"STRIKE IT RICHLY" IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY KLEENIX! WHEN YOU SLOBBER ...SLOBBER INTO A KLEENIX! THEY'RE...SLURP... ABSORBANT!
HONK HONK
KLEENIX

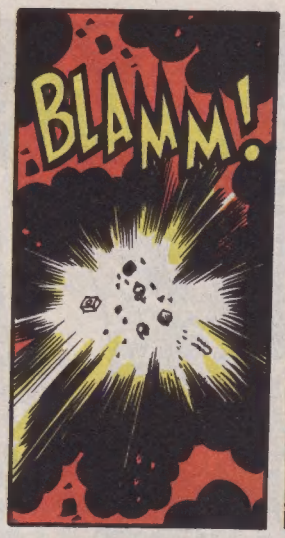
THANK YOU, MOROSE! AND NOW FOR OUR NEXT GUEST...
(MORRIS, YOU IDIOT!) HOLD IT, WORRYIN'! FIRST, A REPORT ON THE HEARTBURN LINE! MRS. FAFUFNICK? YOU LISTENING?

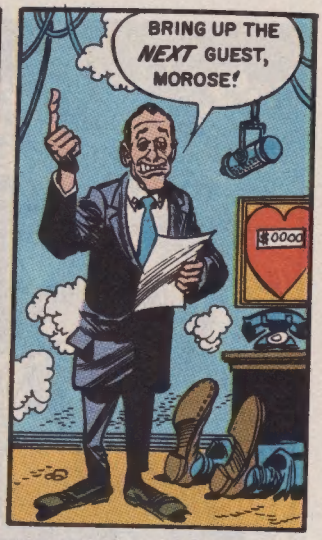

JOE'S JUNK YARD OF 22 SOUTH NORTH IS SENDING YOU FORTY SEVEN SLIGHTLY USED CONVERTIBLE TOPS. AND THE MILLION BROKEN-WINDOW BAKERIES IS SHIPPING YOU, POSTPAID, SEVEN TONS OF DOG BISCUITS SO YOU CAN START ALL OVER. SO, MRS. FAFUFNICK, YOU HAVE STRUCKITRICHLY!
I'M ALL CHOKED UP!
$0000

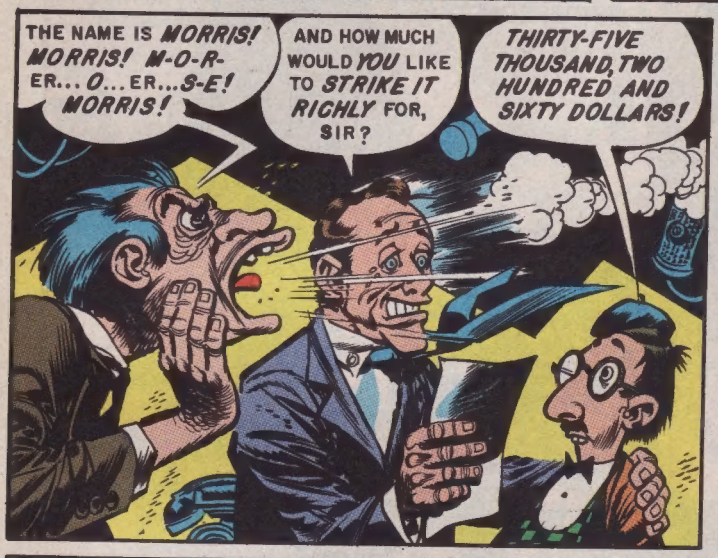
HERE'S OUR NEXT GUEST, WORRYIN'! MEET ARNOLD MINSTERMISER...
HOW DO YOU DO, MR. MINSTERMISER!
I NEED TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS...

FOR WHAT, MR. MINSTER-MISER?
FOR A FUNERAL!

WHOSE, MR. MINSTER-MISER?
MY OWN...


BLAMM!


BRING UP THE NEXT GUEST, MOROSE!
$0000


THE NAME IS MORRIS! MORRIS! M-O-R-ER... O... ER... S-E! MORRIS!
AND HOW MUCH WOULD YOU LIKE TO STRIKE IT RICHLY FOR, SIR?
THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND, TWO HUNDRED AND SIXTY DOLLARS!

THIRTY-FIVE THOUSAND...?! WHY SO MUCH MONEY?
I WANT TO BUY BACK MY CONTRACT!

CONTRACT?
I AM AN ARTIST! OR MORE SPECIFICALLY AND TO THE POINT, I AM... AS IS COMMONLY KNOWN IN THE TRADE... A COMIC STRIP CARTOONIST!

MY CONTRACT HAS SIX DISGUSTING MORE YEARS TO RUN! AND I AM SICK AND TIRED OF DEALING WITH STUPID LITTLE FUNNY ANIMALS THAT SPEAK WITH A SOUTHERN DRAWL AND CHASE ME ALL OVER CREATION...

YOUR NAME IS...
IT ISN'T WALT DISNEY!